THE

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SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS AND WRITINGS OF THE *REV. MR. GRAVES,* OF CLAVERTON.

Hoary, but pale, and healthy to the last!

IN sketching the lives of those persons, whose portraits are destined to enrich and embellish our Miscellany, we would always wish to study impartiality. The spirit of party, either in politics, or theology, is inimical to truth; it is only, therefore, by guarding against its envenomed poison that we shall deserve, and receive, the approbation of the public. Human nature assumes an endless diversity of forms, all illustrative of the skill and wisdom with which it was originally constituted. We are desirous of tracing it in its windings and evolutions. Thus alone shall we avoid deceiving

either ourselves, or our readers;—thus shall we discharge with greater fidelity the duties which we owe to the community.

Mr. Graves is a younger son of the late Richard Graves, Esq. of Mickleton, in the county of Glocester, where he was born in the year 1715, memorable for being the period when the Stuarts made their first effort to re-ascend the throne of these realms. The father was esteemed not only as a man of learning, but as a good antiquary. Indeed, he was well skilled in the Roman and British antiquities, and, therefore, competent judges often bore testimony to this species of literary merit which he had cultivated, and for which he was distinguished. The antiquities of the vale of Evesham, where most of his estates lay, were the peculiar subject of attention; and he prosecuted his researches with success, though we believe the result of his enquiries has never yet seen the light.

The subject of our memoir received his grammar learning under the curate of the parish, who made him read Homer and Hesiod at twelve years of age. He then also reckoned among his school-fellows, Mr. Howard Hastings, father of the celebrated governor-general of Bengal. How long he remained in this situation we cannot say, but he soon after was removed to Abingdon, and thence was chosen scholar of Pembroke College, Oxford.

In 1736, Mr. G. having prosecuted his studies with ardour, was elected fellow at All Soul's College; here he became acquainted

with Blackstone, that distinguished luminary of the law. Much about this time he applied himself to the study of physic, and, as preparatory to that profession, he went to London, and attended two courses of anatomy. A nervous fever, however, with which he was attacked, left him so languid that he quitted the metropolis, and withdrawing nto the country, he resumed the study of divinity.

Mr. G. now went to reside with Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of Lord St. Helen's, who resided at his seat in Derbyshire. He wished to have a clergyman in the house as a companion, and he soon conceived, for this his new inmate, no small degree of affection.

The subject of our memoir having lived upwards of three years in this secluded part of the world, came by turn into some collegiate office, and, therefore, wished for a curacy in the vicinity of Oxford. This situation he soon obtained, and it gave a lasting complection to the subsequent part of his life. For he married the daughter of a respectable farmer, with whom he had boarded, and thus lost the benefits of his fellowship for ever. He was now, indeed, thrown upon the world with a wife, and a curacy of *fifty* pounds per annum! Many of his relations were displeased with him on this account, and loudly reproached him for his indiscretion.

But Mr. G. had not been more than two years in this very dependent situation, when, most unexpectedly, he was presented to the living of Claverton, in the vicinity of Bath,

where he came to reside in 1750; and from which, it is said, he has never been absent a *month* at *one* time for more than half a century. A biographer of this gentleman remarks,—"This little piece of preferment contributed so much to his happiness, that he seldom mentions the subject without expressing a grateful sense of the superintending care of Providence, in directing this seemingly fortuitous concurrence of circumstances to so desirable an event."

In 1763, through the interest of the famous Ralph Allen, Esq. of Prior Park, near Bath, he was presented to the living of Kilmersdon. This was rendering his circumstances truly comfortable, for he had also a few young gentlemen to educate; being always of an active turn of mind, he thus augmented his own finances, and rendered a benefit to society.

Mr. G. though the author of various pieces in prose and poetry, is best known to the public by an amusing production, entitled, the *Spiritual Quixotte*. He candidly, and justly acknowledges, that some itinerant preachers were actuated by pious motives; and he attributes the growth, of what he deemed an evil, in a great measure to the remissness of many of the regular clergy. But he was of opinion, that the extravagancies *of a zeal not according to knowledge*, contributed not a little to the increase of infidelity. It is probable, however, that he never would have meddled with so unpromising a subject, had not an illiterate fanatic disturbed the minds of his parishioners, and treated him with a degree of insolence irreconcileable either

to good manners, or to the mild and amiable spirit of christianity.

The subject of our biography was the intimate friend, and executor, of the celebrated *Shenstone*; this intimacy, perhaps, may account for his possessing so large a portion of his genius and sensibility. No inconsiderable resemblance to each other may be traced in their respective publications.

Mr. G. thus describes himself in his *Reveries of Solitude*, with that genuine humour for which his performances are characterised.

A wight there was scarce known I ween to fame,
Who, day by day, to Bath's fam'd city came;
Meagre, and very rueful were his looks,
He seem'd as he had fed on nought but books.
His old great-coat, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back!
Full threescore springs had blossom'd o'er his head,
Yet nimble as a roe-buck was his tread;
For in his youth he ne'er did heat his blood
With liquors hot, or high and luscious food,
Therefore his age, like frosty winter past,
Hoary, but pale, and healthy to the last.
"What, *walk* to BATH, Sir?" cries some gouty man,—
"No, Sir," quoth he, "I did not walk---I *ran!*"
He stroll'd about, and travers'd many a street,
And though some friend, or dainty nymph would greet,
With scornful looks, or sneers, he, undismay'd,
On matters deep, or mus'd, or seem'd to muse,
Then made an halt, then read, or heard the news;
Bought some old book, or print, perchance, and then,
Small bus'ness done, he travell'd home again!
Such is *the life of* MAN, with busy face,
On trifles bent he strolls from place to place;

With various scenes of happiness amus'd,
By turns applauded, and by turns abus'd:
To sorrow's school sent weeping from the womb,
Spends his short span, then hastens to the tomb.
Life's but a morning lounge, unless confin'd
To DUTY's path, and *useful* to mankind!

These last eight lines are admirable; they hold up a true picture of human life. The happiness of man is a phantom;—we are about to grasp it—no one can be said to be in full possession of it. Let us, therefore, indulge those elevated hopes, and cherish those high expectations with which we are furnished by the christian religion. Avoiding contention and strife, the offspring of spiritual pride, we shall find eventually that a modest and humble spirit is the surest guide to a blessed immortality.

It may be remarked, that "Mr. G. is generally seen in a compromise pace, betwixt a walk and a run, which occasioned the late well-remembered Mr. Thicknesse to say pleasantly, that Mr. Graves would be one of the most agreeable men in the world *if he had but time*, for want of which he only comes to see you, to let you know he cannot stay with you a single moment."

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 84.

INFANCY; OR, THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

IN SIX BOOKS.

By Hugh Downman, M. D.

THIS interesting poem proceeds to the consideration of EXERCISE, than which, we all know that nothing contributes more to the growth and perfection of the human body. It is, indeed, essential to health in every stage of our present existence; promoting a brisk circulation of the fluids, and ensuring to them a regular and continued activity.

——— By exercise
The stomach unoppress'd digests, concocts,
Assimilates, the generous chyle prepares,
And feels again the necessary goad
Of keenest appetite. That balance nice,
With which health corresponds, of part to part,
Of muscles to their due antagonist;
Fluids to solids; to themselves the just
Mixture, proportion, influence, strength of all;
Even the invisible etherial stream,
As vigorous, or weak condensed, or rare;
Sensation, passion, intellect; nay more,
Virtue and vice on exercise depend.

The poet also wishes that the *exercise* taken by the young person, may be rendered the medium of instruction; the lines are beautiful.

Add daily to his store of images,
Simple and unabstracted; let him walk,
Or run, the verdant fields and lawns along,
Nor thou disdain to attend him, and point out,
As giddy apprehension can receive,
Or roving fancy lists, each herb and tree,
Mountain and stream, and mineral; the birds
Which skim the liquid air, or from the brake
Pour their sweet voices; herds, and bleating flocks;
Insects, on wing, or on the lowly ground!
With him the nimble grashopper pursue,
And chace the gaudy butterfly, or strive
To catch the variegated bow which plants
Its base on earth—now near, but soon remov'd
To distant hills; or bid him mark the sun
Refulgent shining, or the clouds reverse
At eve, the silver moon crescent, or full,
And every star, whose radiance decks the sky!
Thus shalt thou see, with pleasure on his cheek,
Health's genial hue; his limbs proportion'd just,
And beauteous, as of yore, the little loves
In Paphos and Idalia; or, as still
Warm from Albano's magic touch, they breathe,
Sportive as zephyr, agile as the son
Of Maia, when his infant hand deceiv'd
Apollo's piercing sight, and stole his lyre!

In case of *illness* instant advice is recommended, lest the glimmering taper of life be extinguished for ever.

Trust not thyself---trust not the babbling hag;
Let fondness all alive, and light'ning round,
Detect her, as Ithuriel's spear the toad
Couch'd at the ear of Eve with poison fill'd!

The ravages of the *small-pox* are thus energetically described.

For many a century, without controul,
When rag'd his fury, by pernicious skies

Arous'd, or propagated far and wide
By fell contagion, he destroy'd mankind!
The cities groan'd---the matron o'er her babe
In unavailing trance of anguish hung!
The lover offer'd up his fruitless vows,
And wearied heaven, importunately fond,
To save the beauty which his soul adored.
The babe, the mother's self, became his prey;
The youth and virgin sunk into the tomb!
If life were granted beauty was effac'd;
Each decent feature tumid, and enlarg'd,
Roughen'd or dented with unseemly scars!

These lines introduce the praises of *inoculation.*

Let me then urge this duty, nor to fear,
Or superstition yielding, let thy child
Encounter in his native shape the fiend,
And brave his violence. For whither, say,
To what sequester'd haunt canst thou retreat,
Where he will not pursue? How vain thy flight!
How sure thy victory is, as art direct,
And wise experience, thou anticipate
His threaten'd blow! So when the Patriarch's arm
Was stretch'd to wound his son, an angel came
And sav'd the victim from impending death!

With how much *greater propriety* might these lines be addressed to PARENTS, relative to *inoculation* for the COW-POX; for the discovery of which, we are indebted to the genius of the immortal *Jenner*; and by which a most essential benefit is rendered to mankind.

We close the consideration of this ingenious poem, entitled *Infancy*, which abounds with so many just precepts, and is, at the same time, embellished by the graces of genuine poetry.

EXTRACTS FROM
YOUNG ON ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

Addressed to the Author of Sir Charles Grandison.

BY JOHN EVANS, A. M.

CALL ON BRITONS TO ORIGINALITY.

WHY condemned *Maro* his admirable epic to the flames? Was it not because his discerning eye saw some length of perfection beyond it? And what he saw, may not others reach! And who bid fairer than our countrymen for that glory? something new may be expected from *Britons* particularly; who seem not to be more severed from the rest of mankind by the surrounding sea, than by the current in their veins; and of whom little more appears to be required in order to give us *originals*, than a consistency of character, and making their compositions of a piece with their lives. May our genius shine; and proclaim us in that nobler view!——*minimâ contentos nocte Britannos.* VIRG. And so it does; for in polite composition, in natural and mathematical knowledge, we have great *originals* already: *Bacon, Boyle, Newton Shakespear, Milton,* have showed us, that all the winds cannot blow the *British* flag farther, than an original spirit can convey the *British* fame; their names go round the world; and what foreign genius strikes not as they pass? Why should not their posterity embark in the same

bold bottom of new enterprize, and hope the same success? Hope it they may; or you must assert, either that those *originals*, which we already enjoy, were written by angels, or deny that we are men.

GENIUS OF SHAKESPEAR.

SHAKESPEAR mingled no water with his wine; lowered his genius by no vapid imitation; *Shakespear* gave us a *Shakespear*, nor could the first in antient fame have given us more. *Shakespear* is not their son, but brother; their equal; and that in spite of all his faults. Think you this too bold? Consider, in those antients what is it the world admires? Not the fewness of their faults, but the number and brightness of their beauties; and if *Shakespear* is their equal (as he doubtless is) in that, which in them is admired, then is *Shakespear* as great as they; and not impotence, but some other cause, must be charged with his defects. When we are setting these great men in competition, what but the comparative size of their genius is the subject of our enquiry? And a giant loses nothing of his size, though he should chance to trip in his race. But it is a compliment to those heroes of antiquity to suppose *Shakespear* their equal only in dramatic powers; therefore, though his faults had been greater, the scale would still turn in his favour. There is at least as much genius on the *British* as on the *Grecian* stage, though the former is not swept so clean; so clean from violations not only of the *dramatic*,

but *moral* rule; for an honest heathen, on reading some of our celebrated scenes, might be seriously concerned to see, that our obligations to the religion of nature were cancelled by Christianity.

JONSON AND SHAKESEAR.

WHO knows whether *Shakespear* might not have thought less, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of *Jonson's* learning, as *Enceladus* under *Aetna?* His mighty genius, indeed, through the most mountainous oppression would have breathed out some of his inextinguishable fire; yet, possibly, he might not have risen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement, and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was master of two books, unknown to many of the profoundly read, though books, which the last conflagration alone can destroy; the book of nature, and that of man. These he had by heart, and has transcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. These are the fountain-head whence the *Castalian* streams of *original* composition flow; and these are often mudded by other waters, though waters, in their distinct channel, most wholesome and pure: as two chymical liquors, separately clear as crystal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the sight. So that he had not only as much learning as his

dramatic province required, but, perhaps, as it could safely bear. If *Milton* had spared some of his learning, his muse would have gained more glory than he would have lost by it.

DRYDEN AND SHAKESPEAR.

Dryden destitute of *Shakespear's* genius, had almost as much learning as *Jonson*, and, for the buskin, quite as little taste. He was a stranger to the pathos; and, by numbers, expression, sentiment, and every other dramatic cheat, strove to make amends for it: as if a saint could make amends for the want of conscience; a soldier for the want of valor; or a vestal of modesty. The noble nature of tragedy disclaims an equivalent; like virtue, it demands the heart; and *Dryden* had none to give. Let epic poets *think*, the tragedian's point is rather to *feel*; such distant things are a tragedian and a poet, that the latter indulged, destroys the former. Look on *Barnwell* and *Essex*, and see how as to these distant characters *Dryden* excels, and is excelled. But the strongest demonstration of his no taste for the buskin, are his tragedies fringed with rhyme; which, in epic poetry, is a sore disease, in the tragic, absolute death. To *Dryden's* enormity, *Pope's* was a light offence. As lacemen are foes to mourning, these two authors, rich in rhyme, were no great friends to those solemn ornaments which the noble nature of their works required.

CHARACTER OF DRYDEN.

DRYDEN had a great, but a general capacity; and as for a general genius, there is no such thing in nature: a genius implies the rays of the mind concentered, and determined to some particular point; when they are scattered widely, they act feebly, and strike not with sufficient force, to fire or dissolve the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart reaches ours; so what comes from his head, sets our brains at work, and our hearts at ease. It makes a circle of thoughtful critics, not of distressed patients; and a passive audience is what tragedy requires. Applause is not to be given, but extorted; and the silent lapse of a single tear, does the writer more honour, than the rattling thunder of a thousand hands. Applauding hands and dry eyes (which during *Dryden's* theatrical reign often met) are a satire on the writer's talent, and the spectator's taste. When by such judges the laurel is blindly given, and by such a poet proudly received, they resemble an intoxicated host, and his tasteless guests, over some sparkling adulteration, commending their champaign.

But *Dryden* has his glory, though not on the stage: what an inimitable *original* is his ode? A small one, indeed, but of the first lustre, and without a flaw; and, amid the brightest boasts of antiquity, it may find a foil.

(To be continued in our next.)

SOME MEMOIRS OF THE LATE
MR. DAY,

Author of Sandford and Merton, &c. &c.

[*Extracted from Miss Seward's Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin.*]

EVEN at that period, "when youth, elate and gay, steps into life," Mr. Day was a rigid moralist, who proudly imposed on himself cold abstinence, even from the most innocent pleasures; nor would he allow an action to be virtuous, which was performed upon any hope of reward, here, or hereafter. This severity of principle, more abstract and specious, than natural or useful, rendered Mr. Day sceptical towards revealed religion, though by no means a *confirmed* deist. Most unlike Doctor Johnson in those doubts, he resembled him in want of sympathy with such miseries as spring from refinement and the softer affections; resembled him also, in true compassion for the sufferings of cold and hunger. To the power of relieving them he nobly sacrificed all the parade of life, and all the pleasures of luxury. For that mass of human character which constitutes polished society, he avowed a sovereign contempt; above all things he expressed aversion to the modern plans of female education, attributing to their influence the fickleness which had stung him. He thought it, however, his duty to marry; nursed systematic ideas of the force of philosophic tuition to produce future virtue, and loved to mould the infant and youthful mind.

Ever despicable in Mr. Day's estimation were the distinctions of birth, and the advantages of wealth; and he had learnt to look back with resentment to the allurements of the graces. He resolved, if possible, that his wife should have a taste for literature and science, for moral and patriotic philosophy. *So* might she be his companion in that retirement, to which he had destined himself; and assist him in forming the minds of his children to stubborn virtue and high exertion. He resolved also, that she should be simple as a mountain girl, in her dress, her diet, and her manners; fearless and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines.—There was no finding such a creature ready made; philosophical romance could not hope it. He must mould some infant into the being his fancy had imaged.

With the late Mr. Bicknel, then a barrister, in considerable practice, and of taintless reputation, and several years older than himself, Mr. Day lived on terms of intimate friendship. Credentials were procured of Mr. Day's moral probity, and with them, on his coming of age, these two friends journied to Shrewsbury, to explore the hospital in that town for foundling girls. From the little train, Mr. Day, in the presence of Mr. Bicknel, selected two of twelve years each; both beautiful; one fair, with flaxen locks, and light eyes; her he called Lucretia. The other, a clear, auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom, and chesnut tresses, he named Sabrina.

These girls were obtained on written conditions, for the performance of which Mr. Bicknel was guarantee. They were to this effect; that Mr. Day should, within the twelvemonth after taking them, resign one into the protection of some reputable tradeswoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice; maintaining her, if she behaved well, till she married, or began business for herself. Upon either of these events, he promised to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of educating the girl he should retain, with a view to making her his future wife; solemnly engaged never to violate her innocence; and if he should renounce his plan, to maintain her decently in some creditable family till she married, when he promised five hundred pounds as her wedding portion.

Mr. Day went instantly into France with these girls; not taking an English servant, that they might receive no ideas, except those which himself might choose to impart.

They teazed and perplexed him; they quarrelled, and fought incessantly; they sickened of the small-pox; they chained him to their bedside by crying, and screaming if they were ever left a moment with any person who could not speak to them in *English*. He was obliged to sit up with them many nights; to perform for them the lowest offices of assistance.

They lost no beauty by their disease. Soon after they had recovered, crossing the Rhone with his wards in a tempestuous day, the boat overset. Being an excellent swimmer he saved

them both, though with difficulty and danger to himself.

Mr. Day came back to England in eight months, heartily glad to separate the little squabblers. Sabrina was become the favourite. He placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber milliner. She behaved well, and became the wife of a respectable linen-draper in London. On his return to his native country, he entrusted Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, with whom she resided some months in a country village, while he settled his affairs at his own mansion-house, from which he promised not to remove his mother.

It has been said before, that the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents allured Mr. Day to Lichfield. Thither he led, in the spring of the year 1770. the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and taking a twelve month's possession of the pleasant mansion in Stowe Valley, resumed his preparations for implanting in her young mind the characteristic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia. His experiments had not the success he wished and expected. Her spirit could not be armed against the dread of pain, and the appearance of danger. When he dropped melted sealing-wax upon her arms she did not endure it heroically, nor when he fired pistols at her petticoats, which she believed to be charged with balls, could she help starting aside, or suppress her screams.

When he tried her fidelity in secret-keeping, by telling her of well-invented dangers to himself, in which greater danger would result from

it's being discovered that he was *aware* of them, he once or twice detected her having imparted them to the servants, and to her playfellows.

She betrayed an averseness to the study of books, and of the rudiments of science, which gave little promise of ability, that should, one day, be responsible for the education of youths, who were to emulate the Gracchi.

Mr. Day persisted in these experiments, and sustained their continual disappointment during a year's residence in the vicinity of Lichfield. The difficulty seemed to lie in giving her *motive* to exertion, self-denial, and heroism. It was against his plan to draw it from the usual sources, pecuniary, reward, luxury ambition, or vanity. His watchful cares had precluded all knowledge of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and it's concomitant desire of ornamented dress. The only inducement, therefore, which this lovely artless girl could have to combat and subdue the natural preference, in youth so blossoming, of ease to pain, of vacant sport to the labour of thinking, was the desire of pleasing her protector, though she knew not how, or why he became such. In that desire, *fear* had greatly the ascendant of *affection*, and fear is a cold and indolent feeling.

Thus, after a series of fruitless trials, Mr. Day renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being his imagination had formed; and ceasing to behold her as his future wife, he placed her at a boarding-school in Sutton-Cold-

field, Warwickshire. His trust in the power of education faltered; his aversion to modern elegance subsided. From the time he first lived in the Vale of Stowe, he had daily conversed with the beautiful Miss Honora Sneyd of Lichfield. Without having received a Spartan education, she united a disinterested desire to please, fortitude of spirit, native strength of intellect, literary and scientific taste, to unswerving truth, and to *all* the graces. She was the very Honora Sneyd, for whom the gallant and unfortunate Major Andre's inextinguishable passion is on *poetic*, as his military fame and hapless destiny are on *patriot*, record. Parental authority having dissolved the juvenile engagements of this distinguished youth and maid, Mr. Day offered to Honora his philosophic hand. She admired his talents; she revered his virtues; she tried to school her heart into softer sentiments in his favour. She did not succeed in that attempt, and ingenuously told him so. Her sister, Miss Elizabeth Sneyd, one year younger than herself, was very pretty, very sprightly, very artless, and very engaging, though countless degrees inferior to the endowed and adorned Honora, To *her* the yet love-luckless sage transferred the heart, which Honora had with sighs resigned. Elizabeth told Mr. Day she *could* have loved him, if he had acquired the manners of the world, instead of those austere singularities of air, habit, and address.

He began to impute to *them* the fickleness of his first love; the involuntary iciness of the charming Honora, as well as that for which

her sister accounted. He told Elizabeth, that, for her sake, he would renounce his prejudices to external refinements, and try to acquire them. He would go to Paris for a year, and commit himself to dancing and fencing-masters. He did so; stood daily an hour or two in frames, to screw back his shoulders, and point his feet; he practised the military gait, the fashionable bow, minuets, and cotillions; but it was too late: habits, so long fixed, could no more than *partially* be overcome. The endeavour, made at intervals, and by *visible* effort, was more really ungraceful than the natural stoop, and unfashionable air. The studied bow on entrance, the suddenly recollected *assumption* of attitude, prompted the risible instead of the admiring sensation; neither was the showy dress, in which he came back to his fair one, a jot more becoming.

Poor Elizabeth reproached her reluctant but insuppressive ingratitude, upon which all this labour, these sacrifices had been wasted. She confessed that Thomas Day, *blackguard*, as he used jestingly to style himself, *less* displeased her eye than Thomas Day, *fine gentleman*.

Thus again disappointed, he resumed his accustomed plainness of garb, and neglect of his person, and went again upon the continent for another year, with pursuits of higher aim, more congenial to his talents and former principles. Returning to England in the year 1775, he saw, that spring, Miss Honora Snyed united to his friend Mr. Edgeworth, who was become a widower; and, in the year 1780, he learned

that his second love of that name, Miss Elizabete Sneyd, was also, after the death of Honora married to Mr. Edgeworth.

It was singular that Mr. Day should thus, in the course of seven years, find himself doubly rivalled by his most intimate friend; but his own previously renounced pursuit of those beautiful young women, left him without either cause or sensations of resentment on their account.

From the year 1773 this hitherto love renounced philosopher resided chiefly in London, and amid the small and select circle which he frequented there, often met the pretty and elegant Miss Esther Mills of Derbyshire, who, with modern acquirements, and amongst modish luxuries, suited to her large fortune, had cultivated her understanding by books, and her virtues by benevolence. The again unpolished stoic had every charm in *her* eyes,

"She saw Othello's visage in his mind."

But, from indignant recollection of hopes so repeatedly baffled, Mr. Day looked with distrust on female attention of however flattering semblance; nor was it till after years of her modest, yet tender devotion to his talents and merit, that he deigned to ask Miss Mills, if she could, for his sake, resign all that the world calls pleasures; all it's luxuries, all it's ostentation. If, with him, she could resolve to employ, after the ordinary comforts of life were supplied, the surplus of her affluent fortune in clothing the

naked, and feeding the hungry; retire with him into the country, and shun, through remaining existence, the infectious taint of human society.

Mr. Day's constitutional fault, like poor Cowper's, seemed that of looking with severe and disgusted eyes upon those venial errors in his species, which are mutually tolerated by mankind. This stain of misanthropy was extremely deepened by his commerce with the world, restrained as that commerce had ever been. Satiric, jealous, and discerning, it was not easy to deceive him; yet, in a few instances, he *was* deceived by the appearance of virtues congenial to his own.

"For neither man, nor angel can discern
"Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
"Invisible, except to God alone."

To proposals so formidable, so sure to be rejected by a heart less than infinitely attached, Miss Mills gladly assented; but something more remained. Mr. Day insisted, that her whole fortune should be settled upon herself, totally out of his present or future control; that if she grew tired of a system of life so likely to weary a woman of the world, she might return to that world any hour she chose, fully empowered to resume it's habits, and it's pleasures.

They married, and retired into the country about she year 1780, according to the best recollection of the author of these memoirs. No carriage; no appointed servant about Mrs.

Day's own person; no luxury of any sort, Music, in which she was a distinguished proficient, was deemed trivial. She banished her harpsichord and music-books. Frequent experiments upon her temper, and her attachment, were made by him, whom she lived but to obey and love. Over these she often wept, but never repined. No wife, bound in the strictest fetters, as to the incapacity of claiming separate maintenance, ever made more absolute sacrifices to the most imperious husband, than did this lady, whose independence had been secured, and of whom nothing was demanded as a *duty*.

Thus Mr. Day found, at last, amid the very class he dreaded, that of fashionable women, a heart whose passion for him supplied all the requisites of his high-toned expectations.

Some eight or ten years after his marriage, the life of this singular being became, in its meridian, a victim to *one* of his uncommon systems. He thought highly of the gratitude, generosity, and sensibility of horses; and that whenever they were disobedient, unruly, or vicious, it was owing to previous ill usage from men. He had reared, fed, and tamed a favourite foal. When it was time it should become serviceable, disdaining to employ a horsebreaker, he would use it to the bit and the burthen himself. He was not a good horseman. The animal disliking his new situation, heeded not the soothing voice to which he had been accustomed. He plunged, threw his master, and then, with his heels, struck him on the head an

instantly fatal blow. It was said that Mrs. Day never afterwards saw the sun; that she lay in bed, into the curtains of which no light was admitted during the day, and only rose to stray alone through her garden, when night gave her sorrows congenial gloom. She survived this adored husband two years, and then died, broken-hearted, for his loss.

The reader will not be sorry to learn the future destiny of Sabrina. She remained at school three years; gained the esteem of her instructress; grew feminine, elegant, and amiable. This young woman proved one of many instances that those modes of education, which have been sanctioned by long experience, are seldom abandoned to advantage by ingenious system-mongers.

When Sabrina left school, Mr. Day allowed her fifty pounds annually. She boarded some years near Birmingham, and afterwards at Newport, in Shropshire. Wherever she resided, wherever she paid visits, she secured to herself friends. Beautiful and admired, she passed the dangerous interval between sixteen and twenty-five, without one reflection upon her conduct, one stain upon her discretion. Often the guest of Dr. Darwin, and other of her friends in Lichfield, esteem and affection formed the tribute to her virtues.

Mr. Day corresponded with her parentally, but seldom saw her, and never without witnesses. Two years after his marriage, and in her twenty-sixth year, his friend, Mr. Bicknel,

proposed himself; that *very* Mr. Bicknel, who went with Mr. Day to the foundling Hospital at Shrewsbury, and by whose suretyship for his upright intentions the governors of that charity permitted Mr. Day to take from thence that beauteous girl, and the young Lucretia.

Mr. Bicknel high in practice as a barrister, was generally thought an advantageous match for Sabrina. More from prudential, than impassioned impulse, did she accept his addresses, yet became one of the most affectionate, as well as the best of wives. When Mr. Day's consent was asked by his *protégée*, he gave it in these ungracious words—I do not refuse my *consent* to your marrying Mr. Bicknel; but remember you have not asked my *advice.*" He gave her the promised dower, five hundred pounds.

Mr. Bicknel, without patrimonial fortune, and living up to his professional income, did not save money. His beloved wife brought him two boys. When the eldest was about five years old, their father was seized with a paralytic stroke, which in a few weeks, became fatal. His charming widow had no means of independent support for herself and infant. Mr. Day said he would allow her thirty pounds annually, to assist the efforts which he expected she would make for the maintenance of herself and children. To have been more bounteous *must* surely have been in his *heart*, but it was *not* in his *system*. Through the benevolent exertions of Mr. Harding, solicitor-general to the Queen, the sum of eight hundred pounds was raised among the gentle-

men of the bar for Mrs. Bicknel and her sons; the interest to be the mother's during her life, and the principal, at her decease, to be divided between her children.

That excellent woman has lived many years, and yet lives with the good Dr. Burney of Greenwich, as his house-keeper, and assistant in the cares of his academy. She is treated by him, and his friends, with every mark of esteem and respect due to a gentlewoman, and one whose virtues entitle her to universal approbation. Her name was not in Mr. Day's will, but Mrs. Day continued the allowance he had made her, and *bequeathed* its continuance from her own fortune during Mrs. Bicknel's life. Mr. and Mrs. Day left no child.

Mr. Edgeworth, having also lost his third wife, Elizabeth, is now the husband of a fourth, a daughter of the reverend Dr. Beaufort of Ireland. He had four children by his first; a son, who of late years died in America; Miss Edgeworth, the celebrated writer of stories for children, and moral tales for young people, &c. Miss Anna, married to the ingenious Dr. Beddoes of Bristol; and Miss Emeline, married to Mr. King, surgeon of the same place. Honora left him an infant girl and boy, when she died in the year 1780. The former inherited her mother's name, her beauty, and her malady, and died of consumption at sixteen. The amiable son yet lives, with fine talents, but infirm health. By his third wife, Elizabeth, he has several children; and by the present, two or three. From Mr. Edgeworth's large family elaborate systems

of infantile education have proceeded: of them the author of these memoirs cannot speak, as she has never seen them. Other compositions, which are said to be humorous and brilliant, are from the same source.

FRENCH SUPERSTITION.

(From Holcroft's Travels.)

IT is not a fact of small importance that few of the officiating priests are young men, that the old are much more numerous than the middle aged, and that seminaries for the new generations of priests scarcely exist. Must the monks of Italy, Spain, and the German states migrate, that the catholic church in France may not expire of inanity? Revolutions cannot extirpate ignorance. To bigotry, knowledge is a disease; and of that it must die.

The adherents of bigotry have not lost all hope, even from the aid of miracles. At the distance of about four miles from Paris, is a village on a hill, popularly known by the name of *Mont Calvaire;* Mount Calvary; so called because the monks formerly had incited the Parisians to go there in solemn procession, as pilgrims, bearing crosses and acting mock crucifixions, that they might obtain the remission of sins and plenary indulgence.* In the days of

* I have the following manuscript extract from an old Parisian Guide, the date of which I have not preserved.

tumultuous and daring inquiry, *Mont Calvaire* and its processions became so much the sport of infidels that devotion could not be rouzed to brave such mockery.

The confession of pilgrim penitents, and the consolation of plenary indulgences were sources of revenue; which the monks, even in their most dejected state, were unwilling eternally to relinquish. The hill called *Montmartre* is almost as steep as that called *Mont Calvaire;* and has the advantage of being very near to Paris. One hill was as fit for the piety of such pilgrims as another; and those, whose zeal was not warm enough to support them during a journey of four or five miles, might possibly be equal to the fatigue of twice as many hundred yards.

Among other glaring offences to decorum is that of plastering the entrance, the doors, and the inside of churches with large and small printed bills; that advertize the devout of the successive festivals, sermons, musical masses, and other periodical ceremonies, which are held or performed, in honour of different saints and on different occasions, at the various churches of Paris. It is difficult to conceive the effect of a practice so indecent: it reminds an Englishman of the dirty walls and shutters of a tenantless house. Yet it does but correspond with every thing he sees.

"May 3, the day of the invention of the Holy-Cross: pilgrimage to Mount Valerien; otherwise called Calvary: great numbers resort there during the *octave.*"

A large posting-bill of this kind was published by the priests, which announced that *Mont Calvaire* was removed to *Montmartre*. The bull excited laughter, the artifice a sigh.

After the publication of the *Concordat*, when the embodied priesthood again began to feel collective strength and the theophilanthropists were expelled the churches, in which it was once more held prophane to worship God alone, without the intercession of saints, a wish to return to Mount Calvary was conceived; and hopes to accomplish it were inspired.

The means however for obtaining this end were of the old leaven.

A poor woman, who hawked either eggs or something that she brought from the neighbourhood of *Mont Calvaire*, fell into conversation with my wife; and informed her, with every token of faith in amazement, that a body had been dug up on that mountain, which was as fresh in appearance as the very day on which it had died; that, previous to its having been buried, it had been opened and again sowed up, as the stitches still to be seen proved, which were as if just taken; that the winding-sheet itself was in the same wonderful state, a slight yellew tinge excepted; and that crowds were resorting thither, to beg that they might be permitted to possess a morsel of this miraculous sheet, while the very poorest of the people were subscribing their *sous* and *six liard* pieces, that the pilgrimage to *Mont Calvaire* might be re-established; it being thus recently and incontrovertibly proved to be a holy place.

I do not use the woman's words; I imitate the energy with which she is described to me to have spoken.

Louisa asked her if, during the revolution, she had not heard of the arts practised by priests? And the woman, with that versatility which characterizes the people, defended herself from the possibility of her being a bigot, by alledging that, for her part, she never went to church; except at festivals and to see marriages.

It would be difficult to afford a better specimen of the feelings and capacity of the populace, concerning religion, than is given in this short conversation.

Being informed, by the bills I have mentioned, of the Loretto-leap made by *Mont Calvaire* to *Montmartre*, curiosity must have been dull indeed if I had not paid a visit to this modern resort for pilgrims.

The village of *Montmartre* is built on a steep height which gives it a very picturesque effect when viewed at a distance, towering far above the steeples and turrets of Paris. So seen, imagination lends it a thousand charms, makes it the residence of the wealthy, embellishes it with country mansions, and there establishes the seat of taste, rendered still more exquisite by the fresh breezes of health. Were it in the vicinity of London, so it would become; as far as the fostering hand of man is concerned, it is with few exceptions the very reverse: dirty and narrow are the streets, wretched are the inhabitants, and ruinous are their habitations.

Half concealed among falling walls and surrounding rubbish, I found a small church, entered it, and began my inquiries concerning this place of pilgrimage.

On a door, at the east end of the north aile, was the following written inscription; which I literally copied with its false capitals, and want of points and apostrophe commas to denote contractions: except the P, all the capitals were in red ink.

C'est a la Sacristie que lon Sadresse Pour se mettre de la Confrèrie de la Croix On y trouve aussi la livre du Calvaire.

A shop-inscription in the streets of Paris, not more faulty than this, I should have considered as an honorable testimony of improvement; but, to men of classical education, it was a disgrace: compared however to other tokens of the state of mind, among these priests, it might be called perfection itself.

Would it not be supposed that the effervescence of reproof, satire, and contempt, which so long reigned as well against the childish as the gross practices of the priesthood, would have awakened in that order some respect for themselves; some desire not to appear more ridiculous in their farces than any buffoon on the *Boulevards*; and, though they should think it their duty to practice the rites and ceremonies of a church which they might honestly believe was truly catholic, yet to practice them so as not again subject themselves to be despised; not again, as they had done, to deprive their enra-

ged enemies of all pity that their worldly effects, nay their lives, fell the multiplied sacrifices to persecution? Had they not been schooled enough to teach them a little caution; a little common sense? I will describe what I saw.

In this small church there were seven paltry pictures, such as beggary only would hang up in its hovel: they represented various of the incidents supposed to have happened when Christ was crucified, and were labelled from station one to seven. They were the imaginary resting places, not only of Christ, but, of the weary pilgrims, who, after having left Paris, had travelled almost half a mile up hill: at each of these, while they prayed, they might repose.

The end to which they led was a wretched wooden sculpture of Christ on the cross, and others of those two eternal thieves who, in catholic land, never forsake him, with figures that had little in them of human.

This might have been pardoned: whatever was valuable in sculpture, other thieves, still more vile, the thieves of the revolution had industriously secured. But the decorations which the inventive piety of the fathers of *la Confiérie de la Croix* had placed, to fill the imaginations of penitents, and inspire them with awe, contrition, and pity, were the things that appeared to me truly surprising.

On the left of Christ there was a small blue globe, on which was a lead-coloured cock, with red comb and gills, which appeared as if it had once been the sign to a dirty *cabaret* of the Gal-

lic cock treading upon the world, and bought by the priests at an old iron broker's. Below was a soldier's sword, in a rusty scabbard with a dity brass hilt: beside that a common walking stick, not worth twopence; and along with it a brown ridicule, or woman's work-bag: all of them not only to the full as mean but as modern in costume as I have described. To render it still more strange, there was an old broom and a rod nailed in the form of a cross.

On the right hand, the ornaments were a ladder, a lanthorn, a revolutionary pike, a holy water brush, a sponge on a stick, and a scourge (not that which the friar who went from Antwerp bought from Pontius Pilate) each and all as mean as the implements on the left.

Lest these things should not be sufficiently childish, in the centre, about five feet from the ground, was a glass case with grotto work; that, when penitence was weary of lamentation, it might look and exclaim—*Mon Dieu, comme c'est jolie!* So paltry and so trifling however, was this exhibition of art, that the meanest showman in France could not by exhibiting it have hoped to have gained sixpence in a month.

In a corner was an image of the virgin; which, not being more ridiculous than other similar images, merits no further notice. There were also twelve wax candles before the higher altar.

There was one thing in the church well calculated to inspire strong emotions, in minds capable of religious fervor: it was an excellent

figure in wax, large as life, of Christ, lying horizontally, and seen not too distinctly through a net-work of wire.

To relieve my mind of the painful reflexions which succeeded laughter, I ascended that part of the hill to the west where a row of seven windmills begins; the prospect of the city, a view of which from this place I caused to be taken, was remarkably fine. The fog of smoke is not so dense over Paris as it is over London; and beside it was the season when, the kitchens excepted, there was not perhaps a fire in Paris.

Before I ascended the hill, I had no recollection of having observed the wind to be high; but it was so powerful, when I stood on this naked height, that I did not think it safe to approach any steep descent.

I left the place with those emotions of surprise which I have before suggested, that the brows and dells of this variegated and commanding height were not enriched by the retreats of the wealthy; who might with such facility procure pleasures, which all men pretend so much to admire. This neglect appears to me one of the many glaring proofs that the French, so far from being the arbiters of fine taste and the zealous promoters of elegant enjoyment, have few of them a true feeling for such objects.

As I descended the hill, how full of meditation was the mind. The dirty *cabaret*, hidden in a hole, that proclaimed itself the rendezvous of the nation; the bald arts of the priests, whose

forlorn condition as men excited pity; their infantine vacuity of intellect; the simple credulity of the poor creatures, who still remain their faithful adherents; the state of ignorance through France; the want of cleanliness; the disorder; the poverty; the wretched villages; and the general picture of lagging slow civilization, which proves that the common conveniences of life were so little esteemed or understood; these collectively made an impression such as not the palaces and temples in view, the ostentation of the constituted authorities, the consuls and the armies of France, the victories gained, the conquests made, nor all the empty boasts of man could efface! Of man! In imagination immortal; in time an ephemera: inflated, by the precarious power of accident, till, wholly lost to self-recollection, he dictates to futurity and fate, and governs the gods. Of man! Whom the bite of a worm, nay a breath of air, can moulder to dust.

Let me not mislead: I speak of the follies of man; when he is wise, let his body perish and the letters that form his name be forgotten, he will live: will exist in the daily intercourse and acts of men. The good which wise men teach descends to and is practised by their offspring; and thus the influence of wisdom and truth becomes eternal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LORD NELSON.

ON the 1st of August, 1799, when vice-admiral Lord Nelson had the command of a squadron in the Mediterranean, he addressed an order to the respective captains, stating that it was the anniversary of the battle of the Nile, a day glorious to the country by the noble exertions of the British seamen, and requesting the captains (in order that no heart might have cause to be sad on such a day) to forgive faults committed to that period, and to cause half a pint of wine to be given to each man, in the squadron, at six o'clock in the evening, to drink the King's health.

WHIMSICALITY OF A SAILOR.

No class of men whatever furnish us with more anecdotes, replete with humour and native glee, than sailors. The majority of them brought up as peasants, on their entering on a new career on board ship, are at once lost to the world, and to any pleasing channel through which they can obtain information; 'till returning perhaps from long voyages, when they are too much habituated to their roving state of life, to encrease their knowledge by the troublesome study, to them, of books. An honest sailor, having his pockets stored with well earned

cash, determined on quitting his ship to indulge himself, by spending it like a *gemman:* accordingly on his arrival on shore he hired a post chaise, and mounting the top of it, directed the post-boy to proceed on his voyage. A pedestrian shortly hailed the driver to know if he had room to accommodate him withinside. "You'll please to ask his honor on the top of the chaise, Sir," was the answer: the frolicsome sailor did not want entreaties to disclose his mind, which he did much to the satisfaction of all parties, by saying "you may get between decks and welcome, but i'll be d——d if you shall come on the quarter-deck."

SIR CHARLES LITTLETON

WAS a Brigadier-general to king James II. On his making apology to him, for his son's going off to king William; James replied, "Alas, Sir! are not my daughters with him?"

After the revolution, king William offered to Sir Charles to send him Major-general to Flanders, and to give him a regiment to fight against the French, of whose growing power Sir Charles was known to be apprehensive. He replied, "I cannot, Sire, accept of your very gracious offer. I have great obligations to my old master, king James; I hear that he will be in the French camp: and if he should be there, I should not answer but that I may desert to him"—"Sir Charles," says William nobly, "you are a man of honour. I will not desire

you to act against your principles. Disturb not the government, and I am sure we shall be very good friends."

CHURCHILL AND THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

WHEN the name of Curchill appeared to the second edition of the Rosciad, the Dean of Westminster, reprimanded him for writing on a subject so totally inconsistent with his profession: Churchill replied, "that if he was so culpable, the translator of Longinus (Dr. Pearce) could not be entirely blameless:" the bishop immediately shifted the topic of reprehension, and desired him to alter his mode of dressing, and not affect in his appearance the gaiety of a layman, when he ought to assume the gravity becoming his sacred function. These animadversions being again enforced by the dean in his official capacity, at the instance of the parishioners of St. John the Evangelist, Churchill found it necessary, in Jan. 1763, to resign the lectureship of that parish.

The following epigram on the subject was written by Robert Lloyd:

To Churchill the bard cries the Westminster dean,
"Leather breeches, white stockings! pray what do you mean?
"'Tis shameful, irrev'rent—you must keep to church rules."
'—If wise ones I will—and if not they're for fools,
'If reason don't bind me, I'll shake off all fetters.
'To be *black and all black* I shall leave to my betters.'

JOHNSON AND GARRICK.

Dr. Johnson, though from an early period of life in habits of familiar intimacy with Garrick, never entertained a cordial affection for him, and excluded him from the club in Ivy-Lane, lest Davy should disturb it with his buffoonry. The truth is the doctor had a thorough contempt for the *profession*, as he emphatically styled it, of an actor, and frequently treated Garrick with the austerity of a schoolmaster, by assuming a right of correcting his enunciation "You often," said Johnson, "mistake the emphatical word of a sentence;" "Give me an example," said Garrick; "I cannot," answered Johnson, "recollect one, but repeat the seventh commandment."—Garrick pronounced it, "Thou *shalt* not commit adultery;" "You are wrong," said Johnson, "it is a negative precept and ought to be pronounced thus—thou shalt *not* commit adultery."

Johnson's objection to the admission of Garrick, notwithstanding their long continued acquaintance, may be justified by Garrick's deficiency in useful and sound learning; he was no disquisitor, his reading had been confined, and he could contribute little else to the pleasures of sober and instructive conversation than the fleeting occurrences of the day, or the petty detail of theatrical intrigue. Even his knowledge of the world was derived through the medium of dramatic writers, who are far from being the safest guides.

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

To the Editor of the Monthly Visitor.

SIR,

THE recent affair of Lord Camelford affords a fresh instance of the wickedness and folly of *Duelling*: it is to be regretted, that the legislature does not put a stop to so infamous a practice: it is a violation of laws, human and divine, and savours of the ferocity of those ages in which it is said to have originated. The following letter shews the contemptible point of view in which *the American sage* considered it; and I therefore send it for insertion in your useful Miscellany.

Islington, March 8, 1804. J. E.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF DR. FRANKLIN,

ON DUELLING.

Addressed to T. Percival M. D.

Passy, near Paris, July 17, 1784,

DEAR SIR,

IT is astonishing that the *murderous* practice of *Duelling*, which you so justly condemn, should continue so long in vogue. Formerly

when duels were used to determine law-suits, from an opinion that Providence would, in every instance favour truth and right with victory, they were more excusable. At present they decide nothing. A man says something, which another tells him is a lie. They fight; but which ever is killed, the point in dispute remains unsettled. To this purpose they have a pleasant little story here: A gentleman, in a coffee-house, desired another to set farther from him.—"Why so!"—"Because, Sir, you smell offensively."—"That is an affront, and you must fight me." "I will fight you if you insist upon it. But I do not see how that will mend the matter. For if you kill *me* I shall smell too; and if I kill *you*, you will smell, if possible, worse than you do at present."—How can such miserable sinners as we are, entertain so much pride as to conceive that every offence against our imagined honour merits death? These *petty princes*, in their own opinion, would call that sovereign a *tyrant*, who should put one of them to death for a little uncivil language, though pointed at his sacred person. Yet *every one* of them makes himself *judge* in his own cause; condemns the offender without a jury, and undertakes himself to be the *executioner*.

FROM MR. CHARLES DIBDIN TO W. WOODFALL, ESQ.

EVERY truly wise and great character will occasionally seek retirement, as a man, as a philosopher, as a politician, to enhance the va-

lue of his absence; as a philosopher, to assist his knowledge by contemplation; and as a christian, to examine his conscience and regulate his principles.

This is a portrait of retirement personated by nature and drawn by reason; and it is here, considering it figuratively, exactly what has been emphatically termed the human face divine, to which I shall continue to compare it by way of proving that custom has spoiled retirement as foppery spoils faces. Nothing can be so inconceivable as that variety of fashions by which we distort nature into every possible shape but its own; nay, it is not our faults that we do not exhaust possibility; for, as if it were not enough to torture our features, flexible or inflexible, so as to represent feelings to which the heart is a stranger, we ransack invention to trick out the head in extraneous trappings, which can have no merit but in proportion as they are, not only singular and ridiculous, but uncomfortable and inconvenient.

Nothing is so easy as to lay open the whole system of that vapid and senseless grimace which, though the lowest thing in nature, is superlative in fashion; for it is only a mixture of insensibility and arrogance. The business is to be as unlike as possible what they call vulgar, but which common-sense calls natural. Let us compare a BRUTUS and a NUDE, for beau and belle are terms neither natty nor crackish enough for the fashionable of the present day, with two simple country lovers. The features of the latter glowing with health, their

minds full of ingenuousness, their hearts throbbing with conscious pleasure, and their tongues incapable of dissimulation. The features of the first either lengthened by a listless vacancy, or distorted by a hysteric giggle; their minds, under a film of unmeaning politeness, full of doubt and distrust, their hearts fluctuating between solitude and insincerity, and their tongues in the language of flattery playing off the arts of deception.

Every one of these remarks have reference to the perversion of manners in retirement. If in any situation an excuse may be at all admitted for the assumption of self-created superiority, in this of all others it ought to be thrown off. Unfortunately, however, airs and affectation are ten times more assumed in the country than in town, and the reason is evident. In town there is not the same opportunity of being conspicuous; one part of the million don't know, and the other don't care about the matter; and, though a number of splendid equipages may excite general attention in HYDE-PARK; the respective owners are never known except to their own circles and the tradesmen with whom they have ticked for their finery, not even with the addition of those puffs by which they are ranged in the same columns of the news-papers with actresses, lottery-office keepers, money-lenders, and quack-doctors.

Let us look at the difference between the same ensign of a marching regiment sneaking through the streets of London and parading in the market place of a country town. By the

way, to the military gentleman, at least of that description who emancipate from obscurity to obtain a fortune by a feather and a cockade, we owe in general the regulation of that distinction in society out of London of which I am about to complain. The moment the officers arrive, they are put upon fashion's staff. Order and discipline is instantly the word, whole corps of folly's light troops to the right and left, the volunteers of ceremony and etiquette march and halt at the word of command; husbands are dragooned out of their wives; invaded families first capitulate and at length surrender at discretion; manners are in a state of siege, and fashion is laid under martial law.

I shall hardly be suspected of the slightest inclination to overleap that proper and honourable barrier which it has been the sworn purpose and indefatigable business of the disaffected to break down. Subordination is the cement of society; and he who would pervert its operation or sophisticate its intention is the enemy and ought to be the outcast of his country. In all we have known and read of good old English hospitality, its complacency was noble, and its condescension dignified; and, though mirth was permitted to excess, it never approached to disrespect, much less to familiarity. The superior stooped to be elevated, and the inferior approached to retire with admiration, and thus the benefits were equally enjoyed by the giver and the receiver; the compact was mutual: The Lord considering the peasantry

as his children, and the peasant teaching his children to lisp the name of their benefactor.

My complaint is that in the country, where one should naturally think universal communication and intelligence must be particularly desirable, there is so much difficulty in settling place and precedency, that, so far from enjoying the comforts of society, every thing sociable is precluded. Satisfaction waits upon ceremony and pleasure is filtered through the medium of rules and orders. The community is divided into classes; those who drive four horses must not know those who drive only a pair; a chariot must not condescend to visit a gig or a whisky; persons of birth and fortune though ever so poor are above professional men though ever so rich; professional men to keep up the comedy, look down upon tradesmen; who, to make the entertainment complete by adding a farce, split again into parties and sour the relish of their proper enjoyments by rancour and animosity; and thus, by pulling different ways, they become what the wheels of a machine would be that, instead of revolving in appropriate directions and by general consent, would not only run counter to the order in which alone they would have any useful operation, but be sure to fret and tear each other to pieces; or like a constitution that rationally treated might have been sound and hale; but, having been quacked, and tampered with, would become distorted and tortured by a complication of disorders.

Some author describes the conduct of four persons who went together to the LAND'S

END in a stage coach. The first twenty miles they all spoke together; further on they were the best friends in the world, but were content with speaking one at a time; by and by they all yawned; afterwards fell asleep; and before they parted, heartily wished one another at the devil. Now all this was natural enough, these people were never to meet again; but the first idea of settling in the country is a sociable neighbourhood; and, as those who are so situated must necessarily be near each other during a number of dull months, common policy would induce them one should think to give and receive as much rational pleasure as possible. But pride attends every situation in life. Mrs. DOUDLETRIPE, the cook, looks with contempt on the scullion; Mrs. HANDY, my lady's maid, addresses Mrs. DOUBLETRIPE by the title of good woman; Mrs. CRINGE the toad-eater, sneers superciliously at Mrs. HANDY; while she in her turn is huffed and dinged about by my lady and blamed for putting her out of humour, spoiling her complexion, and losing her lovers. A corporal is as proud of relieving a centinel as a general of commanding an army, and a strolling actor is as much a monarch for the time being as the emperor of Germany.

In more than one place that I have visited has this ridiculous pride thrown all degrees of the inhabitants into a ferment. I shall only give one instance though it may serve to establish this fact in more than fifty instances. At the place I allude to, the ladies of indepen-

dent fortune had instituted an assembly. This of course gave umbrage to the major part of the place who were therefore determined to form an assembly apart. Here for a short time the matter rested, and it must have been pleasant enough to see the lower house muster numerously while the upper house could get nobody to attend it. At length this second assembly began to divide. Miss LATITAT the attorny's daughter made Mrs. FRIZ the barber's wife no return to her curtsey; while Mrs. PHTHISIC, the physician's lady, sneered at the upstart consequence of Miss BUMPER, the innkeeper's daughter, and wondered that she should have the impudence to prescribe rules of good-breeding to her.

A second division was the consequence and a third party formed, which out of derision was stigmatized with the title of the checked-apron assembly. These meetings were ill attended and produced nothing but envy, bickering, and discord, and, were a sample of rational manners to have been taken from their conduct it would give an idea that human beings were created to regard their own peace of mind only in proportion as they could undermine and destroy that of others. This kind of contemptible absurdity had obtained to such a ridiculous degree in one town that the persons of distinction had the grace to see their own folly. It was however at the instance of a lady, then a countess, but since a duchess, who with a complacency and condescension truly noble, headed the assembly and dispensed her favours with so equal

a hand, that nothing was universally felt but an emulation not to assume false consequence, but to imitate true greatness.

There is one most intolerable folly which operates to the destruction of real comfort in the country, and this is an idea that men of superior abilities are only born for the mere accommodation of those who are ridiculously considered as their superiors, as if birth and hereditary fortune were not infinitely beneath talents and genius; but this will infallibly be the case as long as true merit shall be allied to modesty and ignorance to arrogance. See with what coldness and contempt the inferior orders of the clergy are treated by those on whom it is incumbent to glow with gratitude and respect for the advantage they have received from such lessons of instruction as are not only the best clue to the discharge of their own duty but the safeguard and insurance of the duty of their dependants. A gentleman's butler is permitted to consider himself superior to a country curate, who, poor man, may at his own election undergo every distressing humiliation or starve with his family.

As to poets, painters and others, they may by way of courtesy get an invitation to a second table, and be called in occasionally to amuse the company, like a fidler at a country dance; but as to cherishing, feeling or acknowledging a distinction of abilities above their own it would be considered as the height of impertinence were any one to suggest that any such fact exists. I like SWIFT for nothing so much as

considering it the most ineffable debasement in men of fortune and worldly distinction to fancy for a single moment that rank is not dignified by a communication with those whose merit can adorn any situation, but to which the most exalted state can never give creation. A person being asked why men of genius are oftener seen at the doors of the rich than the rich at the doors of men of genius, aptly answered, that it was because men of genius always feel the necessity of riches, but that the rich seldom feel the value of genius.

I agree that it is not possible, nor indeed would it be proper, in any way for the high and low to meet familiarly in private. Fortune has set up a barrier which naturally precludes any such communication; but this is no reason why the lower classes should be considered as brutes, wretches, and the canaille, and it is particularly unjust when those epithets are applied, as I know they sometimes have been only an hour after some mean and paltry excuse has been made for not discharging debts with which tradesmens' books are loaded to the great detriment of their circumstances. Nothing in the world is more common than for a tradesman to put off a London correspondent by assuring him that he has no money in his bureau and the reason is that he dare not, for fear of being turned off, ask the Colonel, the Baronet, her Ladyship, or any others of his customers, for the smallest sum though many of them have had large debts upon his books for perhaps a twelvemonth. How does this disappointment ope-

rate? The tradesman is obliged to give a large order, in which the traveller takes care to introduce such unsaleable goods as he cannot palm off upon his more punctual customers; and, being in this manner obliged to subscribe those terms, the shopkeeper in self defence lays on an extra profit, and thus people of fashion submit to an imposition for which they have only to thank themselves.

With all their consequence and *hauteur*, however, the great can truckle and cringe willingly enough when they have any point to carry. At a general election for example. Then dukes, lords, and tinkers are hey fellow well met. Then the tallow-chandler's wife is the countess's most kind and intimate friend. Then all is junketting and regaling. Hand-bills and advertisements are circulated about, that for flattery and meanness might shame the inventor of a nostrum. The hall and the saloon are thrown open, the lord of the manor walks a minuet with a taylor's daughter, and the lady of the mansion goes down a country dance with the cheese-monger.

I have somewhere remarked that pride and interest are the source of all the differences between man and man. Eradicate these from the heart and the result would be peace and tranquillity, then in his fellow-creature man would no longer see a rival, he would see a man. He would see himself. The rich possessed with this honorable feeling would rejoice in those treasures they are blessed with, in proportion as they gave them ability to re-

lieve such as were in necessity, while the poor would repay their benefactors with a gratitude infinitely beyond the grasp of riches; and, thus, in the mutual struggle, the giver and the receiver would be equally objects of the same admiration.

A conduct so perfect as this exercise of the mind would enforce, might, however, here, literally speaking, be impracticable. The essence of it might nevertheless be kept in sight; and, instead of the inward contempt of the lower orders of society, marked by their adulation towards the great, and the folly and ignorance of the great, scarcely concealed by their arrogance, towards the lower orders of society, if they were to meet half-way, and, under a consideration that this class cannot exist without a proportion of the riches of that, and that that would be deprived of all comfort without the ingenuity and enterprize of this, it would be fairly putting this and that together, and amicably settling a difference, since give and take is the only cement of society, which could not in nature otherwise operate but to the confusion of both.

To put the thing at once upon a footing, let us examine the degrees of those who compose the inhabitants of a country town, or to state the matter better, a city without any manufacture. In the vicinity there are always families of large fortunes, and of these I shall only say, that the more they depart from the wide hospitable liberality of their ancestors, the less it will be to their honour. Persons of fashion

may whenever they please cancel the errors and follies of those who are their very humble imitators by shewing them, one instance of which we have already seen, that irreproachable condescension is a certain mark of true greatness, and thus all the chicanery in the laws of fashion might be reduced to one equitable standard, especially if any thing could induce their imitators to ape their virtues instead of their follies.

But, placing the possibility of this regulation out of the question, as an object of general adoption, let us see what the operation would be did persons of distinction keep entirely in their own sphere and apart from inferior society. The experiment would shew us, probably, that all the enjoyments which imply rational happiness are to be found without the interference; and that if once the object of envy should disappear contention would vanish with it. Thus, instead of considering those beneath them as objects of pity and contempt; they would themselves become obnoxious to as much of the application of those sensations as they are so willing to apply to others, in which case one should suppose there would be an end of all their fancied consequence; for, though their inferiors would be banished from them, they in return, (and I suppose there could not be a more mortifying condition) would be condemned to live among one another.

Thus we have disposed of persons of high rank, who certainly have it in their power either to eclipse themselves from their inferiors, but

who by the by will thus be eclipsed from them, or to give and receive mutual comfort and illumination. The lower orders, much to their credit and content, have nothing to do with the controversy. It all therefore lies at present between the second and third classes. The second are those who fancy themselves persons of rank without means, and who fondly imagine that birth and idleness are a compensation for want of fortune. I could name fifty towns, perhaps a hundred, where this disease is confluent. Where that part of the inhabitants which are of this description are upon the stretch of invention to make imaginary consequence conceal real poverty.

These in general are composed of the descendants of younger brothers of great families, who have been destined to the church and the army, and whose incomes, such as they are, arise out of half-pay, pensions, and various remunerations, which by agents and other representatives, have been sifted as impalpably as possible. These people walk in and out of assembly-rooms and coffee-houses, to have the credit of belonging to societies, to which their narrow circumstances will scarcely permit them to subscribe. They starve themselves to appear fine, and pretend to regard those tradesmen with pity at the contemplation of whose comforts they are bursting with envy, and all this at the very moment that they are deeply in their books, as the only possible source from which they are enabled to draw their very subsistence till the quarter comes round. Can any

thing be more pitiably ridiculous? Poverty, unless the offspring of infamy, is no stain. If it be true that their mental acquirements are of such value, let them be fairly pitted against the worldly acquirements of their neighbours, and let the contention be no longer between pride and property, but between kindness and good fellowship.

Besides, this fancied distinction and assumed distance between gentlemen and tradesmen is impolitic, and might now and then be an uncomfortable thing; for, as the magistrates of the town are always chosen out of the latter description, who are therefore placed in superior situations as to authority, a row, as it is politely called, may now and then bring one of the high-flyers rather ignominiously before a man whom he has been accustomed to consider as a scum, a low fellow, and the rincing of a bottle; and how mortifying to make concessions, or receive punishment at the command of one whom his own conscience must upbraid him with having unjustly despised.

As to the ladies, if we had been blessed with a salique law in England, I think the matter might have been put upon a proper footing. Indeed, as it is, many of the assembly-rooms are governed by queens, whose power is, as it ought to be, absolute and despotic; on which I could easily descant, and thereby prove without any great stretch of argument, that were the matter left entirely to them, every thing would go as it ought; for nothing can be more easy to see, by the regularity with which they conduct the tea-

table, and the card-table, that they would be particularly careful of the property and the reputation of the whole community.

In short kingdoms are worlds, and have their elements, without a harmonious combination of which they cannot exist. The people are the earth that furnishes the necessaries of life. The clergy are the water that tempers the passions; the courts of justice are the air that purifies corrupt humours; and the nobles are the fire that fortifies and braces the constitution. Thus, as kingdoms are epitomes of the world, and towns epitomes of kingdoms, let the elements that compose them, however they may jar a little occasionally, which seems to be unavoidable throughout nature, agree in their general operation; and, since it is impossible they should exist singly, let them for their own comfort and convenience keep their little communities as much as possible in that order, into which the world arose when it emancipated from chaos.

Your's very sincerely,

Leicester-Place. C. DIBDIN.

For the Monthly Visitor.

BIRTH-DAY THOUGHTS.

IT is much to be lamented that mankind are very ungrateful to their kind Creator, for the mercies they have received from his bountiful

hands, though the word of inspiration, informs us, that in him we live, move, and have our being. We are under peculiar obligations to him for creating us rational creatures capable of serving him for ever. If our existence terminated with the present life, we could not see the important end of our creation, but when we are informed that we are candidates for eternity we rise very high in the scale of intelligent beings. It is a blessing no doubt to partake of an existence in this world for a few years, notwithstanding the sin, weakness, and infirmities to which we are exposed; but who can calculate the happiness resulting from a never ending eternity. It is an ocean of blessedness in which all our thoughts are lost. How must those be therefore lost to all the ends of their creation who spend their time in every kind of dissipation. Neglectful of the talents with which they are entrusted, they only aggravate their future account in the day of judgment.

We are indebted to the providence of God, for the land of our nativity; that we were not born of jewish but of christian parents; that we were not born in Turkey, imbibing the tenets of a vile impostor; that we received the advantages connected with a good education, that we were instructed in the principles of true religion: whereas many inherit the ignorance and vices of their parents, so that their lives are useless to society, if not dangerous to mankind. It is a blessing to possess any genius, but how would it have laid dormant without proper cultivation.

We may likewise reflect on the care of providence in our helpless infancy. From the time we hung upon our mother's breast to the present period of our lives, we have largely partaken of the divine goodness. In the slippery paths of youth, we have been wonderfully preserved from danger. So that we shall be very ungrateful, if we hesitate to praise our kind Preserver.

We can recollect the years that are past, and say "hitherto hath the Lord helped us." What may be in the womb of providence we know not. It is sufficient to repose our confidence, in that Being who can never deceive us. Whose fulness is adequate to all our necessities, whose ear is always open to our complaints, and whose arm can screen us from all our enemies. If life should be shortened to a few years, may it be devoted to the best of purposes, that death may find us well employed. And if protracted to a good old age, may it be spent in the service of that Being, who will recompence all our labours, with his presence and blessing for ever. We ought not to be anxious about future events, sufficient unto each day is the evil thereof. If we spend our years in useful pursuits, the reflection will be pleasant, and we shall praise our Creator for our existence on earth; but if we mispend our time, we shall certainly be brought to our repentance, when it may be too late. May the Divine Being so teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom, and that we may at last enter into his presence and be happy for ever.

Hereford, March 11. 1804. T. M.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

IN my last I promised to send you some account of Naples, it is a very regular, and in many parts a most beautiful city, its churches and other public buildings are finely laid out and finished in the highest style of architecture, the streets are of a commodious breadth and multitudes of carriages rattling up and down them, but they have no flag-stones for foot passengers, nor posts to defend them, so that coaches chaises, carts, horses, men, women and children are all mixed together which is often hazardous, if you are not very attentive in clearing yourself of the many dangers that surround you.

Here are some beautiful fountains, and the one in the main street is the finest I have any where seen, being all of white marble, cut in the figures of almost every animal or fish that the earth or sea abounds with, and the water issuing from the mouths, noses, ears &c. of each of them, and on the top stands a Neptune with his trident in his hand and the water flying from the three prongs more than 20 feet above his head in the purest streams.

Here is a greater number of idle people in this city than any other I have seen, and the strangest absurdities among them; *here* in the open street you will see 10 or 12 men playing at cards, *there* you will see a priest with a crucifix, and a mob around him; here you will see ano-

ther gang round a puppet-shew, and there again 40 or 50 round 3 or 4 fiddlers; and at every 3 or 4 yards you will meet a rascal whispering in your ear, (O John, do you want the girl); and this is the method Sunday and Saturday from side to side and from end to end of Naples. As for abandoned *women*, and likewise *men*, there surely is not in the world an *equal to Naples*, and the most abominable ways with both that can be imagined. The husband, for money, will carry any man to his wife, and the mother will do the same to the daughter; you may rely on the truth of it. Among their other absurdities, what do you think of the following? instead of reckoning the hours of the day from noon, they begin at sun-set, and count forward till sun sets again, which becomes 24 o'clock. I assure you I was not a little puzzled the first time I was on shore, for knowing it was about 8 by our time, and wanting to go on board at 9, I asked a respectable looking man (having left my watch on board) the time, when he pulled out his, and very politely told me it was ½ past 4; I was sure it was 8 at least, and therefore I asked to look at his watch, and thinking it stood, put it to my ear, and found it striking very well, and so far was left in the dark; but enquiring next day, I understood it, and found as before mentioned. So that were you here, you might not be surprised to hear half an hour past 17, 18, 19, 20, &c. o'clock, just according as it might be from sun set. I don't know what you may think of this division of time, but it makes me laugh every time I think of it; for every block-

head knows that the sun neither rises or sets two days at the same time, except just at the longest and shortest days, when for 3 or 4 days he alters but little, but his noon or meridian at one place, is at all times the same.—So much for the Neapolitans' method of time.

In respect of their religious matters, I am no judge at all; however, their churches (as I have before observed to you) are elegant; you may go in and see all the good people on their knees to their different deities, in the pious work of praying; and just on each side and even in the church-door, you can hardly pass for a gang of pedlars selling all sorts of toys, fruit, &c. &c. So that the words of our Lord is verified "my Father's house is become a den of thieves." Just so with the Neapolitan churches. Here I would leave the city and take you into the country, but find I am getting fast to the end of my paper, I will give you the description of the famous grotto Del Carni, and some account of mount Visuvius, in my next.

ROBERT WOOD.

H. M. Sloop Cameleon.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

GENERAL MOREAU,

Who has lately been arrested, and confined in the Temple, by order of the First Consul.

REVOLUTIONS bring forward men of genius and of talents who, under orderly governments, and in quiet times, would have remained disregarded, unnoticed, and unknown. It is, however, too true, that the services of those who owe their notoriety to revolutions, let them be ever so great, do not recompense, or prove even an equivalent, for the unavoidable and consequential crimes of troublesome times, and for the sufferings of mankind, from continual alarms, disturbances, anarchy, uncertainty, disquiet, and agitation.

According to the annals of the ancients, a million of Roman citizens were sacrificed before Cæsar reigned, and another million of them were the victims of those who pretended to be his successors, until Octavius Augustus, after the destruction of his rivals, had assumed the reins of government over the Roman republic.

Amongst historians, Father D'Orleans, and Voltaire calculated the number of Englishmen, Scotsmen, and Irishmen, who perished during the civil wars which seated Cromwell on the throne of the Stuarts, to amount to upwards of nine hundred thousand. Des Oudouard, Che-

nier, and other French revolutionary writers, acknowledge that, since 1792, more than three millions of Frenchmen have been butchered by rival factions, or killed in civil and foreign wars, as if it were on purpose to enable Buonaparte to usurp the throne of the Bourbons.

For the honour of human nature, it is to be hoped that it would be a calumny, even against the wildest French republican enthusiasts, and the most enthusiastic admirers of republics, to suppose that they would have consented to see a change of government, however desirable, if any one in 1789 had proved to them, that before France could be a commonwealth, a Corsican its first consul, and an obscure Briton one of its first generals, it was necessary that three millions of their countrymen should perish upon the scaffold, in prisons, in exile, by famine, by poison, or in the field of battle.

Reforms, innovations, and revolutions, are easily planned, and frequently as easily brought about; but few foresee, however many may foretel, that thousands who have witnessed, and perhaps applauded, the beginnings, will, by violent deaths, be prevented from seeing the ends; and *that those who are the first plotters against the government of their country, are often the first victims of their own plots*; and with the loss of their lives, only prepare the way to power for some nameless and unknown intriguer, who, confounded in the crowd, was disregarded or despised, when they were popular and extolled. Thus, six years before unnoted subaltern Buonaparte reigned over a republic, Brissot and

Roland, Petion and Condorcet, Manuel and Guaudet, the founders of it in 1792, had all perished before the end of 1793. This is the short, but true history of all the revolutions of all countries, and of all times.

General Moreau is the son and grandson of two able advocates at Morlaix, in Lower Brittany, and was born in 1761. His father possessed the confidence of his superiors, the esteem of his equals, and the respect of his inferiors. His virtues, which a king would have rewarded, were crimes with a revolutionary government, which proscribed every one who was merely suspected to be good, virtuous, and humane. In August, 1794, when the son, a republican general, added Sluys to his other conquests for the French republic, the French republican Prieur, and the jacobins at Brest, sent the father to the scaffold, with other members of the department of Finisterre, *as an aristocrat, or a friend of aristocrats,* because he had faithfully and honourably managed the affairs of several noble emigrants, entrusted to his care before they left France to join the Bourbons and to save their lives from a threatened proscription. His untimely end was lamented by all who knew his worth; bewailed by the people, but unrevenged, as well by them as by his son.

Young Moreau had already, before the Revolution, shewed his ambition to be distinguished for talents, of whose possession he was conscious. In May, 1788, when the scheming minister of Louis XVI. Cardinal De Brienne,

intended a reform, or rather an innovation, in the magistracy, Moreau, who then was Prevot de Droit, or at the head of the students in law at Rennes, over whom he had a marked and known influence, commanded them and other young men who rose in its defence, and was therefore called the general of the parliament. Moreau has an agreeable air of frankness, and a pleasing and benevolent physiognomy, which, with his strong natural parts, a good education, and some military experience, acquired at an early age in some regiments of the line, where he had twice enlisted, contrary to the will of his father, were the principal causes of his superiority over his friends, and of the regard he met with, even from his opponents. During the five months of the duration of this petty parliamentary war, he displayed valour and achievements, which did not exclude either wisdom, or that sort of prudence compatible and consistent with an insurrection against the legitimate authority. Count Theard De Bissy, the respectable commander for the king, had been ordered to carry into execution the changes proposed by De Brienne. His moderation and humanity saved the lives of many of the insurgents. He had given strict orders, if possible, to capture Moreau, but not to hurt him; but Moreau was so much upon his guard, and shewed so great an intrepidity, that the troops of the line could never arrest him, although he walked out every day in all the public places at Rennes, and often very weakly escorted. Many, however, ascribe young Mo-

reau's safety at this period, more to the good opinion and respect that every body had for the father, than to the capacity of the son; and all impartial men must agree, that nothing can better prove the lenity and clemency of Louis XVI. than that neither Moreau, nor the insurgents under his command, were persecuted or punished.

In May, 1788, Moreau had been in arms for the parliament, and for the states of Brittany, against the minister. In October, the same year, he commanded the troops of Nantes and Rennes, armed against the same parliament, and against the same states of Brittany, with intent to force them to execute the orders of the king's ministers for a convocation of the states-general of the whole kingdom, This change of conduct and character has been observed more than once in Moreau, during his public and military career; but it is only justice to mention, that the minister whom Moreau opposed was the unpopular and impolitic Cardinal De Brienne, and the minister whom he defended, the then favourite with the people, M. Neckar, the successor to De Brienne, who was obliged to resign in August, 1788.

During the winter, 1788, Moreau every day evinced greater military talents. He was indefatigable in the cause which he had undertaken to defend; when, therefore, the weakness and irresolution of the parliament, and the states of Brittany, had promised to admit three deputies from the insurgents to inspect the registers of their deliberations, and to be convinced of their

sincerity, to put an end to all troubles and differences, Moreau was one of the three persons elected, and acted on this occasion with as much moderation and politeness as he had done before with vigilance and activity. When the registers were offered for inspection, Moreau in a short, but acute speech, said, *that he and his friends were certain they had to do with gentlemen, and therefore trusted to their word of honour, which he hoped would convince their enemies and calumniators, that his young friends in arms were all loyal men and not rebels; that they had armed for a good and just cause, and not against the government of their country, or the privileges of their countrymen; that they were friends to liberty, but lovers of order; and as they now had the hope and assurance of being free, quiet and order should be immediately restored, by their dispersing, and returning to their former and usual occupations.* Moreau's conduct on this occasion gained him the approbation of his enemies more than that of his hot-headed and enthusiastic friends, whom it required all his influence to persuade to be satisfied with humiliating the privileged orders, without dishonouring them.

When, in 1789, the national guards were formed, Moreau was elected the commander of one of the battalions from his department. Hitherto Moreau's lively genius had only, in obedience to his good father's desire, although with much difficulty, and, as he often says, *even with disgust*, submitted to the dull and dry study of the law. Whilst, therefore, the constitution of his country had sanctioned the

place he occupied, and the military rank he had obtained from the free choice and confidence of his fellow-citizens, and made the permanency of his continuance in a military line a probability, if not a certainty, neither the entreaties of his parents, nor the prospect of pecuniary advantages, could dissuade or tempt him from employing his whole time otherwise than to improve his military tactics, and to gain more military information and knowledge. Even when his health suffered from an application and exercise, that wasted his strength in the day, and deprived him of rest at night, he could not be persuaded for some time to remit his labours. *His friends say, that he* devoured *in four months more military works, treatises, and memoirs, than had been composed in four centuries; and went through, in three months, more military manœvres and evolutions than many officers have gone through in thirty years.*

At the first review of his battalion, in May, 1790, the old general, Count Theard De Bissy, told him *how highly satisfied he was with the regularity, discipline, and evolutions of this corps, and assured Colonel Moreau, that few of the colonels of the regiments of the line, with their old corps, would afford him the same pleasure and gratification he had experienced in reviewing his battalion of national guards.* These are the very words, extracted from the official report of Count Theard De Bissy, addressed to the king's minister of the war department. And when it is considered, that at this very period the greatest jealousy subsisted between the regiments of the line and

the national guards, and that the latter were held in much contempt by the former, this praise does Moreau more honour than many later eulogies, presented as often to the fortunate and successful, as to the meritorious and deserving. It was upon his return from this review that Moreau said, *the Count Theard De Bissy has done me a great deal of honour; but if he lives some years longer, he shall see me command not only the national guards, but the army of the line.* Moreau's prediction was fulfilled. This unfortunate nobleman lived until the 27th July, 1794, when, at the age of seventy-two, he was sent to the guillotine by Robespierre's tribunal.

In the autumn, 1793, Moreau made the acquaintance of General Pichegru, who was then commander-in-chief of the army of the Rhine. Moreau belonged to the army of the Moselle; but during the winter campaign these armies often acted and fought together, and Pichegru had an opportunity of observing his judgment, talents, and courage, which wanted only the guidance of a friend, as able as willing, to make them noticed, rewarded, and illustrious. This friend Moreau found in Pichegru, who, when he, in February, 1794, was appointed to the command of the army of the North, caused Moreau to be nominated a general of one of the divisions in that army. Moreau, before he had gained Pichegru's friendship, was certainly a very clever and good officer, but no general; he might command a battalion or a division, but he could not pretend, with any prospect of advantage, or any hope of honour, to be a com-

mander-in-chief of an army. The friendship of Pichegru, which no mean jealousy or base envy could alter or lessen, made Moreau in three months what he is—one of the first generals in Europe.

Moreau distinguished himself highly on the 26th and 30th April, 1794, when he blockaded and took Menin; in June, before Ypres, which he forced to surrender on the 17th; and before Bruges, where he entered the 29th. On July 1st, he took Ostend; and on the 18th, Nieuport, which was garrisoned by Hanoverians, and by Emigrants.

On the 28th of July, General Moreau executed one of the boldest enterprizes which distinguished the compaign. Having resolved to besiege Sluys, it became necessary to gain possession of the island of Cadsand, at which there was no way of arriving but by a causeway, inundated on both sides, and commanded by fourteen pieces of cannon, or by throwing a bridge over the strait of Coschische, which he could not effect for want of pontoons. He had no resource but a few boats, in which some of the troops passed, while others swam across; and forming in the face of a superior force, and of numerous batteries, captured the island, with ninety pieces of cannon, a great quantity of ammunition and provisions, and two hundred prisoners.

In December, 1795, Moreau ordered the blockade of Luxemburgh; and after consulting with Pichegru, he sent a plan of defence for Holland to the Dutch generals, Daendels and

Dumonceaux, and to the Batavian Committee, with orders to put it into execution within eight days. This is the same plan which, during these last seven years, has been followed by all the French commanders in Holland, and to which the ignorant General Brune owed the advantages he gained there in the winter, 1799.

Disgusted with the tyrannical and impolitic conduct of the Directory, Pichegru, early in the spring, 1796, resigned the command of the army of the Rhine and of the Moselle, and he again persuaded Carnot to nominate Moreau in his place. This general was not a much greater favourite with the Directory than he had been with the National Convention and its Committee of Public Safety, because the directorial, as well as the conventional jacobins, never forgave a man whom they had offended. Pichegru had, therefore, great difficulty to convince Carnot and Barras, that in serving his friend, he only served his country, and in serving his country he served the Directory.

The armies of the Rhine and of the Moselle, of the Sambre, and of the Meuse, were now enabled to co-operate; the different princes of Franconia and Suabia were obliged to sue for peace; and Moreau's orders were obeyed from the banks of the Rhine nearly to the gates of Munich.

On the 8th and 10 of August, two of his divisions met with some checks; and on the 11th the Archduke Charles resolved to try once more the fate of a battle; attacked Moreau on

his whole line; and, defeating his advanced guard, forced his right wing to retreat to Heydenheim: but Desaix, who commanded the left wing, with his usual courage and talents, overcame the enemy every where; whilst Moreau at the same time retrieved with the reserve the losses of the right wing. At last, after a battle of seventeen hours, both armies remained in presence of each other, both believing themselves defeated. The Archduke finding, however, that whether he conquered, or was defeated, he should be obliged to fall back to the banks of the Danube, and the town of Donauwert, began his retreat by ordering his army to descend the Danube; and Moreau took a victorious attitude, although he had obtained no victory.

This well-fought battle disconcerted the projects of Moreau; for his reserve of artillery and stores having been obliged to fly to a considerable distance, he could not harass the retreat of the Austrians towards Donauwert; and this check first interrupted the grand project which had been founded on the success attending the armies in Germany and Italy, for effecting a junction of both, and pouring with irresistible force into the hereditary states of the emperor.

The Archduke receiving daily reinforcements, which diminished the disparity between him and his opponents, conceived the bold project of leaving a small number to keep Moreau in check, while with the remainder he fell on Jourdan, and overwhelmed him with superior

numbers. Such a plan was certainly replete with danger; and has by Moreau, even in his dispatches, been mentioned with the highest applause, *as worthy the genius of the young Austrian general to conceive, and his valour to execute.*

The Austrian light troops displayed the most successful vigilance in intercepting all couriers; and at length Moreau very ill informed of Jourdan's situation, sent, on the 10th of September, a large corps of cavalry, drawn from his left wing, across the Danube, and, on the ensuing day, quitted his own position on the Iser, for the purpose of supporting or following this column. While executing this bold manœuvre, he was attacked near Munich, by Prince Furstenberg, and General Froelich, who defeated his rear guard. The division which had passed the river on the preceding day, reached Aichstedt, where it levied contributions, and threw Franconia into great alarm for the fate of the Archduke; but General La Tour instantly commenced a pursuit of Moreau, while General Nauendorf, passing the Danube below Neuburg, overtook Desaix, whom Moreau had recalled, and defeated his rear-guard.

General Jourdan had about this time been so completely routed by the Archduke, that his army was in the most confused and irregular retreat; and the disorderly conduct of the army of the Sambre and Meuse, placed that of the Rhine, and the Moselle, in a very critical position; for all the conquests of Moreau were now become useless in consequence of the de-

feat of Jourdan. The former, after conducting his victorious troops from the banks of the Rhine to those of the Danube and Iser, and proving successful in no less than five pitched battles, as well as a multitude of skirmishes, was now obliged to commence his justly celebrated retreat.

French generals have more difficulty to keep their troops in spirits and order, in a retreat, than to lead them on with alacrity, even to the most dangerous attack. On the offensive, the French act at all times with courage and vigour; but on the defensive, oftentimes with dread, inquietude, and cowardice; and it demands, therefore, more real judgment, talents, and patience, to make an orderly retreat with a French army, than to defeat with it the bravest enemy, or to storm the strongest positions, and the best fortified camps and places. With the exception of Marshal Belleisle, in his famous retreat from Prague, no other French general had, before Moreau, been able to keep order, obedience, and regularity in, and to defeat a pursuing enemy by a retreating French army.

After every arrangement was made to ensure a safe and honourable retreat, Moreau ordered a proclamation to be read at the head of every battalion, in which it was stated, "*that the commander-in-chief expected every thing from his soldiers, and was conscious that the momentary success of the enemy in another quarter, and the measures he was obliged to pursue in consequence of that event, would not diminish any of the energy and valour so often displayed by this army.*" He added, "*that the*

moment would soon arrive when they should have an opportunity of earning new laurels; and, in the mean time, he hoped that the signal for combat, would also be the signal for victory."

Moreau now divided his army into two bodies, and marched suddenly through Munderkingen, Neudlingen, and Palengen, to attack the generals, Nauendorf and Petrasch, who were forced to abandon their respective positions: so terrible was this commander, even in the moment of retreat, that he took no less than seven thousand prisoners in these different actions,

This noble retreat of Moreau, in 1796, was of more radical use and advantage to France, than all Bonaparte's victories in Italy the same year; because, had Moreau not shewed a greater military genius, and a genius more fertile in resources and expedients than Jourdan, the army of the Rhine, and the Moselle, must have been in the same disbanded state as the army of the Sambre, and the Meuse; and instead of its being able to send reinforcements to Buonaparte in Italy, the Austrians would probably have been in a situation to assist General Wurmser, blockaded at Mantua, and Italy might as easily have been conquered in 1797, as lost in 1796.

German and French writers have compared Moreau's retreat to that of Xenophon amongst the ancients, and of Belleisle amongst the moderns: but it undoubtedly surpassed the latter, and more than equalled the former. Belleisle owed the lustre of his retreat to some marches

which he stole upon the enemy, and Xenophon retreated with his Greeks through the territories of a cowardly and effeminate people; while Moreau traversed a country inhabited by one of the most warlike nations in the universe; and neither Xenophon nor Belleisle blended the laurels of victory with the cypress of retreat.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

BY *superfluous advice*, I mean that advice which, however good in itself, is given at a time when it cannot be of the least consequence to the party. Now good advice being one of the most valuable things upon earth, you will no doubt be surprised that it should be thrown away in this manner; yet nothing is more certain, for instances of it occur every day. If a young fellow falls from his horse, and is hurt, there are some of the wisest of his friends who advise him not to ride so fast, or not to ride in the dark, or on such a bad road, &c.—All this must certainly be very consoling to him, at the time when the surgeon is probing one wound, and his assistant, perhaps, binding up another; and it must likewise be very *useful* at the precise moment when he is most sensible of his rashness, if he really has been rash, and is more conscious of the narrowness of his escape than any wise man around him can possibl, be.

Some time ago, in company with a friend, and coming to town, to oblige him, whose business required that he should be very early there, I had the honour to meet with three of those gentlemen, whose notions of personal property are so confused that they take every opportunity to appropriate to their own uses what does not belong to them, and who commit so many mistakes of this kind, that it often requires a very learned judge, and twelve men beside, to convince them they have done wrong. In a word, Sir, the highwaymen stripped us of our money and watches, and left us only our philosophy to console us.

On our arrival in town, and announcing our loss, we expected to meet with some pity, seeing we had no means of defence, and were proceeding on his majesty's highway on our lawful business. But, instead of that, for near a month, we were overwhelmed with *post facto* advice and *post obit* wisdom. One assured us that we could not have been robbed, if we had not travelled by night. Another blamed us excessively for not doing *as he did*, namely, to travel without any property about us. A third, with a smile of conscious superiority, wondered that we did not secrete our watches in the seat of the chaise, or among the straw, or under our armpits, or in twenty other places, in all of which he was certain they would have been perfectly safe; and in one or other of them he seriously *advised* us to deposit such articles, "in all time forthcoming." A fourth, collecting all his prospective powers of sapience into one focus, advi-

sed us never to travel on that road without pistols. Others, again, were so perfectly astonished at our having been robbed, that they could not reconcile it to any known principles of human prudence. "What! bless me! did not you see the highwaymen coming! Could not you have come away earlier? Could you not have staid till next morning? Could not you have got a cast in the mail-coach? Could not you——"

But I shall be out of breath. In short, it appeared that to be robbed at all is one of the most foolish, unwise, and imprudent robberies, ours was the principal. Indeed, I began to doubt whether we were not the first who had ever met with the misfortune of being robbed, and that while the rest of mankind were enjoying the luxury of cautious sagacity, and protected by the quintessence of true wisdom, we two were the only fools which the kingdom of Great Britain produced. Nay, from the manner in which we were *tutored* and *advised* by some of our Mentors, I am doubtful whether they did not think that we set out with a direct intention to be robbed, and that we had given due notice to the thieves, where they might most conveniently meet with us.

Such is the kind of advice we are perpetually receiving from our sage counsellors, after the affair is over which they wish to prevent, and the loss irretrievable which they wish to avert. Even the bedside of the sick is not protected from advice of this kind: there are always some sagacious persons, who foresaw that the patient

must catch cold, if he did so and so, and who really wondered, that, when taken ill, he had not immediate recourse to Dr. Bolus, or Dr. Apozem, or some other infallible terror of diseases. As to broken limbs, one would think they were always matters of premeditation. A friend of mine stepping hastily out of a coach, which several hundreds do every day without hurt or danger, had the misfortune to fall and break a leg. He has often told me that the pain of setting the limb, and the subsequent confinement, would have been very tolerable, but for the *kind admonitions* of his friends, who had long declared open war against all steps of coaches, and really wondered how he could be so foolish as to jump hastily out of a coach: "this was what they never did, and what no wise man ever did, and what certainly none but fools would do."

But there is no case in which this kind of wisdom is more frequently employed, than when a person happens to be over reached by a swindler, or artful fellow, of which there are always plenty to take advantage of unsuspecting innocence. Now, indeed, the sufferer is assailed with innumerable scraps of *post obit* sagacity. "Why did he trust such a person? Why did he not suspect him? Surely he ought to have had all his eyes about him. *We* would not have been taken in by such a fellow; and we would *advise* him in future to be more upon his guard against men of that description."

I was not a little diverted, one day, on viewing the ruins of the houses at Ratcliffe Cross, to

hear the various sagacious remarks made by the other spectators. They could not conceive how it could be possible that a fire could have done so much mischief in the day-time. What was to hinder the inhabitants from removing their goods? This, and a hundred other similar questions and remarks, accompanied by suitable shrugs, nods, and winks, convinced me that none are fools but sufferers, and it is the wise only who escape—*unavoidable calamities.*

I know I shall be told, that the dealers in this kind of wisdom mean well. The same *well-meaning* is, in many instances, a great enemy to proper acting. A mother beats her child because it falls down; a rider flogs his horse because he stumbles—and they may, for any thing I know, mean well. But I am certain that neither child nor horse will be the better for a punishment inflicted in the heat of passion, and without a due consideration, or any consideration at all, indeed, of the circumstances.

The truth is, we may set *well-meaning* aside, and refer the kind of advice I have described, to that constant desire we have to embrace every opportunity of displaying our superior sagacity, at a time when we can do it without the risk of being contradicted. A man who has been robbed, or imposed upon, or who has received any hurt by carelessness or accident, appears a creature beneath us. We look at him with a degree of contempt; and the advice we give, of which it is impossible he can stand in need, we give a haughty sneer, and with a tacit insi-

nuation that he is yet too blindly foolish to perceive the cause of his misfortune.

As to those who are so very ready with their advice, after the accident is over, it may be observed, that they are as profoundly silent before it happens. They are as little conversant in the doctrine of chances as others; but if you will tell them how any misfortune happened, no people can be more ready to inform you of twenty ways in which it *might* have been prevented. There are some people indeed, who have the happy faculty of always foreseeing misfortunes, and who are content to live a life of fear, if in the course of it they can be able to boast that they have saved a corkscrew or a handkerchief from the fangs of a pickpocket. With these people every noise is a housebreaker; every smell is a fire. Caution is unquestionably necessary; but excess of caution comes very near to that distrust in Providence, which a good man would not cherish, and to that unhappy timidity in which no wise man would wish to live.

But, that I may not leave the *post obit* advisers in ill-humour, I shall not dilate upon the subject, but merely submit to their consideration, whether a grain of good advice in a time of danger, is not preferable to a bushel of their sagacity after an accident has happened.

I am, Gentlemen, &c. &c.

NEITHER RASH NOR FEARFUL.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO THE CHARADES GIVEN IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

1. He-ark. 2. Spin-net. 3. Bar-gain.

FOR SOLUTION.

REBUS.

MY initials to find, take a governor great;
A servant in waiting, for show and for state;
A nobleman claiming a title his right;
A person in rank reckon'd next to a knight;
A word that belongs to a sovereign alone,
Apply'd to his family, person, and throne.
In my primitive form I arose from the earth,
To a parent diminutive owing my birth:
When arrived at maturity, pluck'd from the ground.
I was seized by rude hands, and industriously drown'd.
Next in my adventures I took a new face,
By the daughters of industry handled with grace;
I was held in esteem by the fairest and best,
And oft by the highest and proudest carest;
But grown old in their service, alas! and rejected,
I met with a fate such as might be expected.
In my next transmigration, O how was I rent!
Till into the world in new shape I was sent;
Tho' trivial in value, in usefulness great,
To the rich and the poor, in church and in state.
Without me not science her stores could impart,
And I aid in preserving the inventions of art.

Like fame far and wide o'er the nations I spread,
And do more than with her hundred mouths she was said.
When genius selects me her stores to convey,
I'm secure of a long and a prosperous day;
But when folly commands me to publish her shame,
I lose my repute, and I forfeit my name,
And am quickly condemn'd by the wise to the flame.

CHARADES.

2.

Without aid from my first, the deep organ were mute,
Not a note could escape from the soft-breathing flute:
My second oft pour'd its melodious strains,
Gently touch'd hy the skill of Arcadian swains:
By the powers of my whole conversation's maintain'd,
Sweet music is made, knotty points are explain'd.

3.

Britons my first with strictest justice claim,
Their ancient birth-right, source of all their fame:
A monarch mourn'd my second's hapless fate,
When proud rebellion shook the Jewish state:
My whole, if hit on, gives its proper zest
To pun, enigma, repartee, or jest.

4.

My first is a fish, sometimes caught with a hook:
My second I do when I write in a book:
My whole's a mechanic, to all men well known,
Pursuing his trade both in country and town.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

DRURY-LANE.

A NEW farce called "The Counterfeit," was performed for the first time on Tuesday, March 13, said to be written by Mr. Franklin, author of "The Wandering Jew," &c.

The plot of the piece is produced by Addle, the servant of Col. Ormond, who having letters, &c. of his master's in his pocket, and the colonel being absent in India, is upon producing those letters to a foppish attorney, most absurdly taken for the colonel himself; and Addle accordingly carries on the counterfeit, and makes love to the attorney's sister, frequently forgetting himself while in the character of the gentleman. The return of his master leads to the discovery.

This is a hacknied story, which is not supported by one original, or natural incident; the language is weak, and the jokes borrowed from Joe Miller. Mr. Bannister did far more for the author than the author did for him. Two songs and a duett, the music by Mr. Kelly, were introduced by characters who had no kind of connection with the piece; and though the scene was laid in England, we had an *eastern* proces-

sion in it. The piece was heard throughout with considerable candour and patience, but when Mr. Cherry attempted to announce a second representation of it, a most violent, and, indeed, merited, opposition took place. It has since been played a few nights, but it is impossible that such a deformed bantling can long exist.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A new farce, called "The Paragraph," (at first announced under the title of "Two Words to a Bargain,") was performed here for the first time, Thursday, March 8. It is the production of Mr. Hoare, a gentleman to whom the town is indebted for much of this sort of entertainment, and whose powers over the muscles of an audience have suffered no diminution in this his last effort. The design of the farce is to cure the follies of an old valetudinarian, by prescribing him air and exercise, and alarming him into a care of his life by a paragraph of his death in the newspapers; and of exposing the silly attachment of his nephew, a city trader, to high life, and high-lived people, by mortifying him with turning the house of his uncle into an inn, to which he had invited his guests to dinner, on his supposed excursion to his estate. The paragraph of old Toppit's death in the paper produces likewise some laughable embarrassments, and the whole concludes with mutual reconciliation, and the rejection of former follies.

Neither the characters nor incidents of this

piece have much originality. The young city buck is too much like *Goldfinch*, and the valetudinarian is the *Vapour* of one of Mr. Hoare's former farces, a little more advanced in years. The prescription of the rum-punch is taken from the "Mock Doctor;" but the character of the apothecary, who employs his hypochondriacal patients to work upon his farm, is original. The music, by Braham, is very ingenious; and the farce is altogether so pleasing a little thing, that we pronounce it will be popular. It was received with general applause,

On Saturday, March 24, a *broad* comedy, (as denominated) called "The Will for the Deed," written by Mr. Dibdin, was performed for the first time for Mr. Lewis's benefit.

This piece derives its name from a *deed* having been mislaid, and a *will* substituted in its place: the scene lies at an inn (in a village) which is kept by Motto, (Mr. Fawcet) who is fond of quotations, which he misapplies, Among the visitors at the inn is a gentleman who from necessity has turned actor;—in short, whoever has seen the comedy of "Wild Oats," will find the same materials in "The Will for the Deed." The characters are also as old as the plot. The prologue chiefly turned upon the name of the piece, and the Epilogue, which was chanted by Mr. Fawcet, had all the *spirits* of a publican.

The repetition of this piece is announced on the ensuing holidays, and as the critics may not then be fastidious, it will probably serve the manager's purpose.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MARCH, 1804.

MATILDA.

SECOND PART.

See the Monthly Visitor for February 1800.

COME, ye who rejoice in each just dispensation,
Which points out a God, and which marks us his care:
Sons of piety! hear me resume the narration
Of Cordellio the weak, and Matilda the fair.

His falshood by bitter remorse was attended;
His nuptials perfidious in misery ended;
For his wealth was in luxury quickly expended,
And want aveng'd fully Matilda the fair.

Now Evander, a youth, who had suffer'd severely,
And had closely approach'd to the brink of despair,
Being robb'd of the damsel he valued most dearly,
Heard with pity the fate of Matilda the fair.

He ask'd her retreat, and he flew to her dwelling,
There joining her grief, and his own sorrows telling;
By degrees his attention the dæmon expelling,
Recollection return'd to Matilda the fair.

With her spirits renew'd, and in health reinstated,
She regain'd her blithe looks, and her gait debonnair;
Which Evander observ'd, with delight captivated,
And offer'd his hand to Matilda the fair.

His conduct produc'd—need I say what impression?
No, here I conclude without further digression,
Except that the bliss now surpasses expression
Of Evander the grave, and Matilda the fair.

CHERTREA.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

*GENERAL GRINFIELD,**

Who fell a victim to the *yellow fever*, at the age of 58 years, on the 19th of October, 1803, in the Island of Barbadoes, three days after the decease of his amiable lady.

BY CAPTAIN STOCKDALE,
Loyal Britons.

WHAT boding omens, on the western gale,
In tearful sympathy, this isle assail?
Why, sad, responsive, does Britannia sigh?
Has fate decreed a nation's downfall nigh?

* General Grinfield, at the time of his universally lamented death, was commander-in-chief of his majes-

Ah! no! but yet a generons people mourn
Their GRINFIELD dead, from them and glory torn---
The verdant laurels, to his eager grasp,
Yield, nor relent, his warlike brow to clasp.
Long, vainly, death in battle's storm had tried
To pierce his gallant breast with crimson dyed:
In vain oppos'd the thundering cannon's roar
And glittering steel; he firmly trod the shore —
His country's cause bore down the opposing host,
" My COUNTRY, GOD, and KING," his only boast.

So, foil'd, the tyrant, in the blood-steep'd field,
To other scenes he flew, unus'd to yield:
A much-lov'd wife in sickness, drooping, laid;
The hero soon the calls of love obey'd;
To sooth her pain, without success, he strove;
Her spirit fled, to happier realms, above.
He felt the fatal pang, and, kneeling, cried,
" Thou, dearest angel, be my final guide!
" The path long trodden on the earth below,
" Together leaving, let us now forego!

---

ty's forces, serving in the windward and leeward Charibbee Islands, and colonel of the 86th regiment of foot. In the short space of three months, he had captured the French islands of St Lucia and Tobago, the former by storm; and the Dutch settlements at Demerara, Issequibo and Berbice by capitulation. In the first campaign of the late war, he being then colonel of the battalion of the 3d foot guards, was present at the siege of Valenciennes, &c. at which his Royal Highness the Duke of York commanded in person, and very particularly signalized himself in the well known attack on Lincelles, where, being second in command under General Lake, they with only 1120 of the guards, beat 5000 French, and obliged them to give up the post.

" No more on fleeting triumphs shall I rise,
" But join thy choir celestial in the skies."
Our mortal hero then resign'd his breath,
And, dying, conquer'd, e'en the victor, Death.

LONDON,
Jan. 12, 1804.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING well aware of the superior degree of pleasure derived from the approbation of those whom we are convinced are better informed than ourselves, I present for your inspection, not without sensations of hope and fear, the following trivial effusion of my muse.

ISIGNIS.

When precious Hope, for ever dear,
Emits a ray to chase a doubt,
With ready finger up starts Fear,
To put the little twinkler out.

TO A ROSE.

BRIGHTEST gem! outvieing all the train,
When flowers their wonted tints resume,
Thy cheering colours strew the plain,
Mingling lustre with perfume.

Grateful thou! to weary labour's sense,
Reposing where thy sweets are spread;
When bright Sol inflicts his beams intense,
Thy odours charm the rustic's bed.

Thou! the gay pride of the sweet parterre;
Claiming oft the careful gard'ner's care,
To guard thy buds from hands severe,
And bid them embrio beauties spare.

But ah! oft hast thou a cruel fate,
Pluck'd by a rude-admiring hand;
From thy parent torn, 'tis found too late,
Thy glowing colours will not stand,

Emblem fair of man's confirm'd decay,
Press'd by affliction's heavy rod,
He painful greets death's powerful sway,
And, trembling, fears an angry God.

But why? splendid glory past the tomb
Awaits the man to virtue dear,
Where joys celestial ever bloom,
And where no sorrow sheds a tear.

THE POOR OLD MAN.

"OH, hear a care-oppressed wight
" His woeful tale relate,
" Whose visage speaks him to have felt
" The miseries of fate!

" When I was young, and in my bloom,
" Then nature kindly smil'd,
" And fortune lent her fickle aid---
" Alas! she me beguil'd!

" In manly youth I Anna lov'd,
" She blest me with her charms;
" With her I was divinely blest,
" Nor dreaded future harms.

" But, ah! alas! how can we think,
" Without the deepest sorrow,
" How tyrant fortune smiles to day,
" And curses us to-morrow!

" Three years had gently past away,
" Two smiling children born;
" In harmony we spent the day,
" And kindly hail'd the morn.

" But soon, alas! misfortunes came,
" And plough'd up all our pleasure;
" Oh let not man on earth be proud,
" Altho' he's crown'd with treasure!

" My ships in traffic sail'd the seas,
" I long was blest with success,
" Till fortune turning round her wheel,
" She frown'd upon me luckless!

" Disease attack'd our children dear,
" Death tore them from my breast;
" Too soon my Anna's tender form
" Them in the grave carest!

" Now two-score years have on my head
" Misfortune's hardships driven,
" Nor can I ever hope for rest
" Until we meet in heaven!"

The stranger stopt, and down the hill
His weary footsteps bent;
I pitied him! alas! 'twas all
That heaven to me had lent.

Literary Review.

Horæ Lyricæ; Poems chiefly of the Lyric kind. In Three Books. Sacred to Devotion and Piety; to Virtue, Honour, and Friendship; to the Memory of the Dead. By Isaac Watts, D. D. A New Edition. To which are now first added, a Supplement, containing English Translations of the Latin Pieces; with Notes, &c. by Thomas Gibbons, D.D. With a Portrait of the Author.

THESE poems are too well known, and too generally esteemed, to receive any extension of their fame from any of our commendations. They have, indeed, now for upwards of a century, been the delight and admiration of the religious world.

We cannot, however, decline bringing forward the present neat and elegant edition which is peculiarly valuable for its translations of the *Latin* pieces, which are in general well executed; the sense and spirit of the poet having been preserved with considerable fidelity. We have always been surprised that these effusions in a dead language should have been inserted in the volume; but they were probably written at an early period, and they bear testimony that

good Doctor Watts felt the value, and reaped the benefits of a classical education.

The Guide to Immortality; or, Memoirs of the Life and Doctrines of Christ, by the Four Evangelists. Digested into one continued Narrative, according to the order of time and place laid down by Archbishop Newcome, in the words of the established Version. With Improvements, and illustrated with Notes, moral, theological, and explanatory, tending to delineate the true Character and Genius of Christianity. By Robert Fellowes, A. M. In Three Volumes.

IT is almost incredible the number of books that are written, from time to time, for the defence and illustration of christianity. Both churchmen and dissenters have in this respect manifested an honourable emulation, and we cannot presume to withhold our approbation from efforts thus nobly directed to promote the best interests of mankind. Mr. Fellowes is already known to the public by various publications, especially his *Christian Philosophy*, which is written with great elegance and spirit, and has gone through several editions.

The present work, dedicated to that truly respectable nobleman, the Duke of Grafton, relates to the contents of the four gospels, and is of course confined to the life of Christ. Such an arrangement of the events, detailed in these narratives, of the Evangelists, must have been made with considerable labour and industry. But the *notes* are very copious and elaborate; they shew the extent of the author's acquaint-

ance with every kind of theological learning; he has been accustomed to think for himself on every subject; and avows his sentiments with a freedom which does honour to his integrity. Such works as these are admirably calculated to stem the torrent of infidelity. The publication is embellished with a portrait of the author, but of its resemblance, not having the pleasure of being personally acquainted with him, we can say nothing; the features are, however, expressive of that serious thoughtfulness by which all his productions are characterised.

The Military Mentor; being a Series of Letters, recently written by a general Officer to his Son on his entering the Army. In Two small Volumes.

IN these *military* times the *Military Mentor* will be certain of at least a tolerable reception. The writer has touched on a variety of subjects with a knowledge, and an ability, which prove him to be fitted for the task he has here undertaken. We do not pretend to be any great judges of such performances; but we were pleased with the anecdotes of celebrated commanders, by which the pages of this work are enriched, and enlivened. Above all, we commend the spirit of *humanity* here brought forward to the notice of *military* gentlemen; it is a virtue that cannot be too much cherished by them—it will sweeten the triumphs of conquest—it will add to the laurels of victory.

Memoirs of celebrated Female Characters, who have distinguished themselves by their Talents and Virtues in every Age and Nation; containing the most extensive Collection of illustrious Examples of Feminine Excellence ever published: in which the Virtuous and the Vicious are painted in their true Colours. Embellished with Portraits of celebrated Characters contained in the Work. The whole alphabetically arranged. By Mrs. Pilkington.

THE *female character* has been the subject of delineation in a variety of volumes lately published. But in no one have we observed it treated with more delicacy and judgment than in the pages before us. Indeed such a mode of composition is necessary to the subject. We will not enter into any debate respecting the comparative powers of the sexes—this is not our object—we merely state that the *present volume* has *peculiar* claims to attention, and well deserves circulation amongst all the classes of society. In every age, from Sappho down to the present day, has the female character attracted our attention. Deprived of the usual advantages of education, and denied a variety of privileges which the other sex enjoy, we ought to consider every production coming from this quarter with an eye of candour and sensibility. And indeed the writings of a *Macauley, Carter*, and *Woolstonecraft*, shew that their powers are entitled to a respectful attention. We would, therefore, wish to shake off every prejudice, and bestow the palm of applause where it has been so long, and so justly merited.

The manner after which this volume is print-

ed, embraces a *prodigious quantity* of matter; and it is but justice to add, that the *quality* is by no means of an inferior description. We have read the account of some of those characters which are best known to the public, and we will without hesitation declare that they are drawn up with a judicious brevity. It is a compendium of Female Biography, which is entitled to a place in every library.

The plates are not only neat, and even elegant, but in point of likeness they may boast of a striking fidelity.

Peter Nicked; or, The Devil's Darling. A Mock-Heroic Poem, in Three Cantos. By Castigator.

SATIRE is of that kind that it may easily be transferred from one object to another;—we must not wonder, therefore, that *Peter Pindar* is thus paid in his kind. No individual has taken greater liberties than he has with persons of every order—from the king to the peasant; we here perceive the same strains of severity exercised on his own dear person, and that with a degree of sharpness which, in the author's opinion, is sufficiently justified. We pretend not to determine the merits of the cause. It is, however, desirable that the public would examine both sides, and then determine for themselves. We wish all satire should be directed to the rectification and melioration of mankind.

A short Account of certain notable Discoveries in History, Science, and Philosophy; contained in a recent Work, entitled, the Elements of general Knowledge.

A SPLENETIC effusion designed to depreciate an excellent work, entitled, the *Elements of general Knowledge*, which we have recommended, and do again recommend to our readers. A work of that extent, embracing such a variety of topics, must not be expected to be without mistakes and blemishes. The errors pointed out are exaggerated, and that with a pompous display of learning, which the animadvertor had much better kept to himself, or reserved it for display on some more suitable occasion. It is grievous to see erudition thus abused; but there are some strange minds who love to turn away from sound and wholesome things, manifesting, like certain insects, a prediliction for the sores and putrefaction incident to mortality.

The Spirit of the Public Journals, for 1803. *Vol. 7th. To be continued annually.*

IT is well known that our public journals, beside the intelligence conveyed in them respecting national affairs, have of late years become the vehicle of wit, and satirical observation. The ever-changing nature of politics, and ever-varying forms of fashion, suggest a variety of curious speculations. Some of these may, and indeed are of too trifling a nature to survive their day, whilst others are certainly deserving

of being preserved; and, accordingly, here, the volume before us, has secured to them this preservation. Few books are of a more amusing complection; affording all kinds of things in prose and poetry. After all, much depends on the taste and industry of the selector, and in the present instance we have no foundation for complaint. The collection is taken from all the public prints, chiefly those of the town, but some belonging to those of the country.

Essays, Literary, Political, and Economical. In Two Volumes. By John Gardiner, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and of the Royal Society of Edinburg, &c.

THESE essays are agreeable to their title, of a mixed nature; they certainly are the result of labour, and reflection, but there is a diffuseness which might have been spared. The remarks on history are in general just, and must have arisen from an intimate acquaintance with this important branch of human knowledge. The author endeavours to steer betwixt two extremes: the despotism of tyranny, and the anarchy of licentiousness. These, indeed, are evils of a tremendous magnitude, we cannot guard too much against them. With the condition of France before our eyes, we shall be lead properly to estimate the blessings, civil and religious, of this highly-favoured country.

Village Anecdotes; *or, The Journal of a Year from Sophia to Edward*; *with original Poems. By Mrs. Le Noir. In Three Volumes.*

FEW ages have done more than the present age has done, for the melioration of posterity. Knowledge is held up to the minds of children in every possible form, and nothing but perfect idiotism can fail of receiving some degree of improvement. These anecdotes are pleasing and natural, therefore will probably possess the merit of utility. The tender intellect calls for a gradual communication of first principles, which lead to other things of more real importance in the drama of life. The poems are an acceptable tribute to juvenile improvement. We may safely place those volumes on the same shelf with many others which are well adapted to facilitate and promote the progress of the rising generation.

Retrospect of the Political World.

FOR MARCH, 1804.

IN our last number we mentioned with concern and regret the indisposition of his MAJESTY, which appears from many circumstances to have been attended with considerable severity. We, however, then stated that it was taking a favourable turn, and we are now happy to add, that he is rapidly approaching towards a perfect recovery. Not only has the lord chan-

cellor seen him on matters of business, but he has walked in the garden, and even taken the exercise of riding, an exercise to which we all know he has always been much attached. He has not, indeed, yet been introduced to his family. We nevertheless hope, that in the next number of our miscellany, we shall have to record his return to all the important duties of his exalted station.

From FRANCE we learn an interesting piece of intelligence: the discovery of a conspiracy to assassinate the *First Consul*, and overturn his government. It has created much consternation amongst them. The virtuous, and generous *Moreau*, is of course included in the proscribed list, for he has long been the object of jealousy. The old Vendean chiefs are the principal objects of accusation, and are now in close confinement. The *tyrant* will probably have the pleasure of cementing his throne with their blood. The common plunderer of Europe, however, will, we trust, hereby accelerate his own destruction.

The preparations of INVASION are still going on, and the unprincipled Corsican seems determined on the destruction of this country. His own affairs will probably be enough to engage his attention for some time, but should he ever leave home we must take care that he return not thither again, and let *his fate* be a warning to posterity!

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR MARCH, 1804.

4. THE lord chancellor had an interview with his Majesty, being the first time that matters of business were laid before him since the commencement of his severe indisposition.

6. The Gordons tried at Oxford for carrying away Mrs. Leigh forcibly, &c. the crowd at the trial was immense; the lady underwent an examination of three hours, when, it appearing that she was accessary herself to the affair, the prisoners were then acquitted. Mrs. Leigh was very obnoxious to the multitude, but the Gordons were greeted by their acclamations; neither of these gentlemen are *thirty* years of age, and both lately returned from the West Indies. The one is a clergyman, the other well known in the mercantile world.

7. Intelligence received from France of the discovery of a plot, laid by many military characters, especially Pichegru, for the First Consul's assassination.

8. A singular duel between Lord Camelford and a Mr. Best, formerly a West India merchant. They met near Lord Holland's house, Kensington; every thing had been done on the part of Mr. Best to prevent it, but Lord Camelford persisted, and fell. He was shot through the lungs, and survived only a few days. They were reckoned the two best shots in the king-

dom. It is a scandalous reflection on the laws of the land, that such a bloody practice should be endured.

15. A motion made by Mr. Pitt, in the house of commons, respecting the navy, when very considerable debates took place relative to the general measures of the admiralty; after many animated speeches were delivered the ministry triumphed, though with a large and respectable minority. From this circumstance it has been observed, that considerable strength has been lately acquired by the opposition.

17. St. Patrick's dinner held at the Crown and Anchor tavern, Strand. Lord Hutchinson took the chair, but Lord Moira soon entered, and was welcomed with reiterated plaudits. The children fed, clothed, and educated, by this noble institution, were walked through the room, and manifested an appearance highly grateful to the feelings of the company.

19. A warm debate in the house of commons on the re-commitment of the volunteer bill; many members, distinguished for their talents, spoke against it on account of its crude and indigested state. It is necessary that every thing should be done to render the great body of volunteers useful to their country.

20. Vessels sail for Boulogne with the view of blocking up the harbour by immense heaps of stone sunk in old ships; their design is to pass the batteries, when they shall be able, even in spite of the enemy, to reach the proper spot for its execution.

21. Accounts received in town of a violent

storm on the coast of Yorkshire, by which upwards of twenty vessels were destroyed. A Scotch vessel was saved from the fury of the elements amidst circumstances of peculiar aggravation.

23. Bulletins ceased to be exhibited at St. James's respecting the state of his Majesty's health, his indisposition being nearly removed, and his health so far established that he resumed the functions of royalty. At this piece of intelligence every sincere friend to his country will rejoice. At all times the illness of the first magistrate must create alarm, but at this crisis it had produced general consternation. We now, however, can contemplate his restoration with sensations of gratitude and joy.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

GEORGE SPEED, Blackman street, Newington, stable-keeper.—Wm. Thompson and Percival Barker, of Dean-street, Southwark, merchants.—Tho. Martin, Birmingham, and Tho. Nicholls, Stone-Stafford.—John Liptrap and Davey Liptrap, Whitechapel, distillers.—John Stotherd, Coningsby, Lincolnshire, common-brewer.—Amplius Read, Aldermanbury, warehouseman.—Geo. Gaskell Hesketh, Manchaster, grocer.—C. Leonard, Westbromwich, Staffordshire, ironmaster.—J. Martindale, New Bond-street, wine-merchant.—Tho. Hindley and Sam. Cooling, Manchester, calico-manufacturers.—James Crooke, Colne, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer.—Wm. Price, Stockport, Chester, cotton-spinner.—John Beck, Workington,

Cumberland, wine-merchant.—Rich. Powis, of Grosvenor-Mews, Hanover-square, Middlesex, veterinary-surgeon.—Benj. Davis, of Gray's-Inn, Middlesex, money scrivener.—Wm. Bulgin, Bristol, printer.—Geo. Black and Alex. Stephen, Bush-lane, London, dealers in coals.—Walter Hunt, Putney, Surrey, grocer.—Wm. Mathews, of Long-lane, Southwark, vellum and parchment-manufacturer.—Edw. M'Cabe, Broad-street, Bloomsbury, hat-maker.—Tho. Rawlings, Gloucester, mercer.—Wm. Berry, Oakham, Rutland, apothecary.—Tho. Shipley, Walcot, Somerset, coach-maker.—William North, Dewsbury-Moor, York, coverlid-maker.—Daniel Kinsbury, Exeter, factor.—Joseph Fell, Whitby, York, rope-maker.—Tho. Johnson, Leicester, carpenter.—Christopher Alderson, Beccles, Suffolk, grocer.—Tho. Hopwood, Rochdale, Lancaster, plumber.—John Duncan, Red Cross-street, London, rectifier.—Silvester Richardson, Blackdurn, Lancaster, grocer.—John Blowers, Halesworth, Suffolk, shopkeeper.—Tho. Collins, Crediton, Devon, serge-maker.—Rich. Mansergh, West-hall within Newton, Lancaster, grazier.—Wm. Lawson and Wm. Byron, Lincoln, drapers.—Daniel Godfrey, Moorfields, broker.—John Allen the elder, Jewry-street, victualler.—Geo. Wardell, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, mariner.—Wm. Knight, Tunbridge-Wells, Kent, banker.—James Lawton, of Dubeross, Saddleworth, York, shopkeeper.—John Wilson, Nantwich, Chester, timber-merchant.—James Wild, Dale, York, clothier.—Isaac Solomons, Osborn-place, Whitechapel, merchant and insurance broker.—James Etches, Daventry, Northampton, mercer and draper.—Sam. Riley, Soyland, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner.—Rich. Battinson and Sam. Wade, Manchester, merchants.—Wm. Bury the younger, of Pilton, Devonshire, clothier.—Sarah English,

Charing-cross, hosier.—Isaac Nash, Bristol, cooper;—Henry Evans, Calne, Wiltshire, clothier.—Geo. Powditch, Liverpool, master and mariner.—Tho. Fasson, Bishopsgate-street within, pewterer.—Sam. Murray, Russell-court, Drury-Lane, bookseller.—Wm. Powell, Broad-street. St. Giles, linen-draper. Tho. Moe, Manchester, and Peter Lunn, Eccles, Lancaster, calico-manufacturers.—Nathan Robinson, of the Paragon, Southwark, tanner.—Tho. Savory, Sculpthorpe, Norfolk, miller.—Laurence Potts, Bristol, cutler.—Richard Jenkinson, Pocklington, York, money-scrivener.—Alex. Ross and John Ogilvie, of Argyle-street, Middlesex, army agents.—John Watkins, Northmoor, Oxford, butcher.—Thomas Haynes, Oundle, Northampton, nurseryman.—Joseph Richardson, of Penrith, Cumberland, ironmonger.—Hamilton Vancouver Flack, of Manchester, dealer in malt.—Geo. Gill, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, sadler.—Bartholomew No Need, Great Sutton-street, Clerkenwell, watch-case maker.—Wm. Roberts, Hammersmith, Middlesex, coal-merchant.—John Smith and Robert Smithies, of Pool, Yorkshire, paper-makers.—John Carlier and Wm. Wilkenson, Stockport, Chester, muslin-manufacturers.—Wm. Schultz and Philip Unger, Great Winchester-street, Broad-street, London, merchants.—John Fowkes, Bush-lane, London, wine and liquor-merchant.—Geo. French, Great East Cheap, broker.

REMARKABLE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED.

ON the 27th of February, Colonel Elliot, of the Westminster Volunteer Cavalry, to Miss Lettsom.

DEATHS.

After a short illness, the Most Noble John Duke of Roxburgh, and Earl Kerr, of Wakefield, in England. His Grace was born in April, 1740, and succeeded to the title in 1755. An early attachment to an illustrious princess, which was disappointed, determined him to remain single. It is said, that before their present majesties were married, the duke, then one of the most elegant men in Europe, had become enamoured of the queen's sister, and a principle of gallant devotion to this passion actuated his future life. He has been through the whole reign particularly distinguished by their majesties, and held the place of Groom of the Stole. He was a fine scholar, and collected a most valuable library.

After three days illness, the Right Hon. Rich. Lord Alvanley, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. The noble and learned lord was taken ill a few days ago in the House of Lords, and retired complaining of a pain in his stomach. He was immediately put to bed, and all medical skill was ineffectual.

General Sir W. Fawcett, at his house in Great George-Street, Westminster. He was one of the oldest generals in the British service, and rose from a very low situation in the army. By his death, there becomes vacant the lucrative office of governor of Chelsea College, the colonelcy of the 3d regiment dragoon guards, and a ribbon of the Order of the Bath.

At Totness, in Devon, Rear Admiral Epworth; he was an officer on board the late Admiral Keppel's ship, at the taking of the Havannah, in 1760, and was present at many of the naval conquests during that war.

At Rome, aged 124, a gardener, of the name of Francisco Spozzi. He had been blind for 80 years.

At Birmingham, the Rev. Thomas Jones, of Liverpool, the original projector and one of the proprietors of St. Mark's church, in that town. He was well known in the religious world, on account of his having been, while a student at Oxford, expelled the university, for departing from the rules of the college, by

engaging in exercises of devotion in private houses--- the circumstance which gave rise to Macgowan's satire of "The Shaver."

At Cloydon, Suffolk, aged 82, Anketell Singleton, Esq. 58 years Lieutenant-governor of Landguard Fort.

At Croydon, —— Hatton, a pauper, aged 101. She retained her faculties to the last.

In Ireland, Roger Byrne, the famous Irish giant. He is said to have died of suffocation, occasioned by an extremity of fat, which stopped the play of his lungs, and put a period to his life, in the 54th year of his age. His coffin, with its contents, weighed fifty-two stone. It was borne on a very long bier by thirty men, who were relieved at intervals. He was 13 stone heavier than the noted Bright, of Malden, whose waistcoat inclosed seven.

Lately, at Montrose, at a very advanced age, T. Orkney, a seaman, who had been a pensioner on the chest of Chatham since 1739. He was on board the Salisbury man of war when a draught took place from that ship to man the Pearl, then going out with Lord Anson. He preserved the faculties both of mind and body till within a short period before his death; and his appearance to the last was exactly uniform with the costume of seamen in Anson's days.

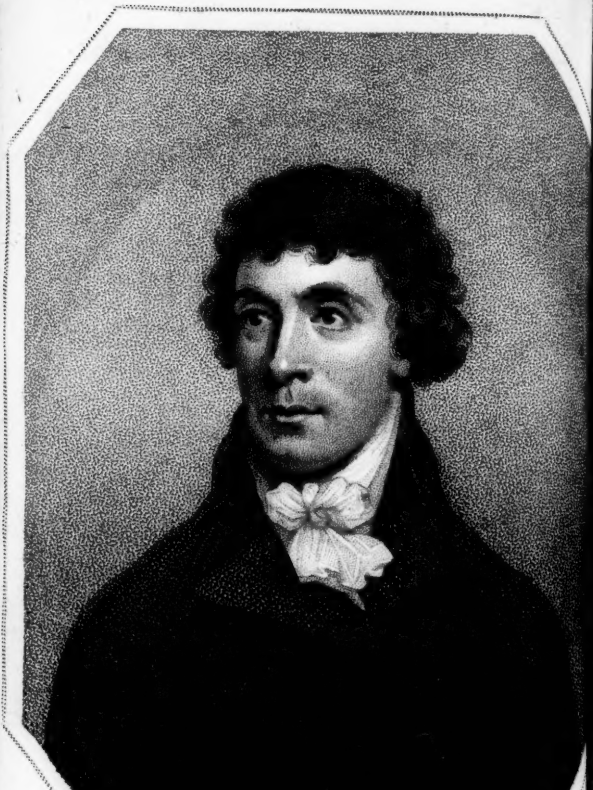
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1 FROM some accident the communication of G. B. has been mislaid; it was our intention to have given an opinion upon it in the ast number but from this circumstance.

The *Loyalist* means well, but he certainly does not write well enough for the public eye.

A late Volunteer is inadmissible. Personality shall never disgrace our miscellany.

Several favours without signatures are received, some of which are approved of.



Sir William Jones.